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A GREEK WOMAN PLAYING A FLUTE

FOUR OLD GREEKS

ACHILLES DIONYSOS
HERAKLES ALKESTIS

By

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With

Drawings from Greek Sources

By

RAYMOND PERRY

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FROM THE AUTHOR

AT the beginning, let me make a thank-offering to Miss Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley College, for careful criticism and advice that has smoothed many rough places and added to the value of this book. Then let me pour the libation of friendship and of loving gratitude to Miss Irene Ingalls Cleaves, who saw these stories slowly grow during three years of teaching, and who, through all that time, by patient help and clever suggestion, aided in making them what they are.

Jennie Hall.

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A GREEK

Notice the lead weights in the corners of the chlamys. They keep the cloak from blowing about in the wind. A hat hangs behind the man's shoulders.

ABOUT GREECE AND THE GREEKS

GREECE is a beautiful country. Mountains and rivers and sea are all jumbled together. The farms are not flat. They slope down a mountain-side or run over a dozen little rocky hills, and everywhere the sea comes up into the land so that the whole country smells of the ocean.

The Greeks liked to walk among their mountains and they liked to sail on their sea. The climate was warm and sunny, and the people would not stay in the house; so they were strong, and tall, and straight. They walked like lions. They could run, they could leap, they could wrestle, they could swim. Their muscles were hard. Their skin was smooth. Their clothes, too, were beautiful.

"They must not bind our muscles," said the Greeks. "They must not be in

our way when we run. Our arms must be free for throwing."

So a man wore a loose chiton that had no sleeves and that came only to his knees. It was white, or gray, or yellow, and was belted and bloused at the waist. Then a short cape of some bright color was flung over the man's shoulders and fastened with a gold pin. He called this his chlamys. The clothes were made of linen or wool. They were often beautifully embroidered in gold or in colors.

Think of a Greek man or boy in white chiton, and purple, gold-trimmed chlamys. His clothes hung about him in soft folds. His head was bare. His right arm was bare, and his strong legs below the knees. He had sandals on his feet. He was all ready for any kind of work.

The women wore the same sort of clothes, but their chitons trailed on the ground and had longer blouses. They were of brighter colors, too, and were more gaily trimmed. The cloaks were called himations. These were sometimes like great shawls that the women

THREE GREEKS

Both men wear chitons and chlamyses. The one at the left has a hat behind his shoulders. The other wears high boots. The woman has her himation over her head.

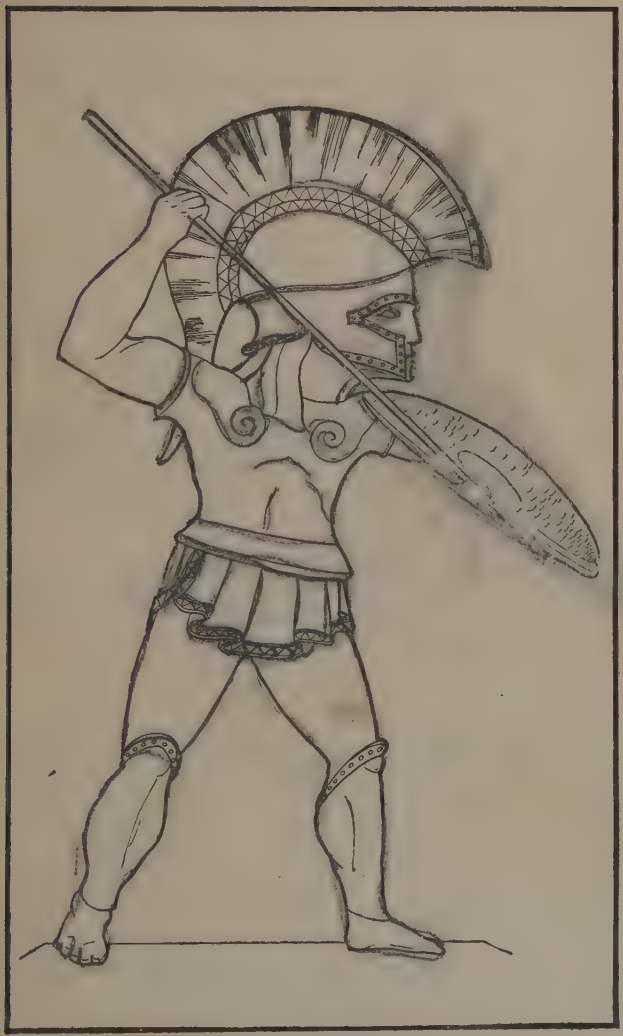
could wrap themselves in from head to feet. But often the himation was long and narrow like a scarf and was thrown around the neck.

When Greeks went to war they used spears and swords, and bows and arrows. They wore big bronze plates on their bodies — on the front, on their backs, on their thighs, on their shins. These were to keep off arrows and spears and sword cuts. The metal felt unpleasant to the skin, so the warrior had a suit of cloth or leather under it. On his head he wore a helmet of bronze or silver with a horse-hair plume on top. He carried a shield on his left arm. Sometimes this was made of bronze, inlaid with gold or silver, but sometimes it was only many thicknesses of leather.

The people thought out their houses at a time when they were having many wars.

"An enemy can push in doors and windows," they said. "We will have no windows and only one door."

That left strong walls all around.



A GREEK WARRIOR

Against these the rooms were built. But there must be light from somewhere, so a yard was left in the middle of the house, and every room had wide openings into it. Sometimes there was a porch around the four sides of this yard or court. That made it a pleasant place to sit in. The house was only one story high, with a flat roof of thatch or tile. The outside walls were sometimes of limestone or marble, but most often they were frame covered with plaster or mud. The mud-plastered houses were usually whitewashed.

The Greeks had no stoves. They cooked at an open fire-place in the court. Achilles had a bonfire in his great hall, built on the dirt floor. There was a hole in the roof above to let the smoke out. His house was lighted by pine torches. They were sticks smeared with pitch. They were stuck into the floor, or, sometimes, into beautiful holders, and were lighted.

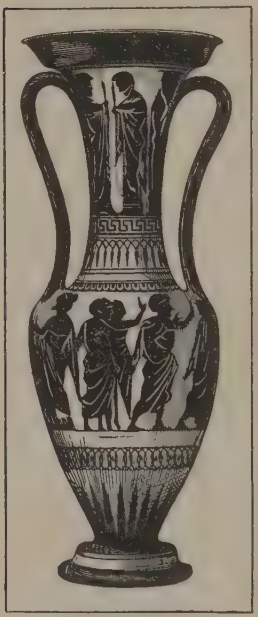
Greek ships were small, carrying only about fifty men. There was a little deck at each end. In this place

goods were stored, and the men sometimes slept there. The middle of the ship was uncovered. Here the crew worked, and everybody on board belonged to the crew. There was no room for idle people. The ship went by sail, and the great mast stood up

A GREEK SHIP

from this middle space. But sometimes the wind would stop blowing when the boat was out at sea. Then the men rolled up the sail and took down the mast and laid it in the bottom of the ship. Then they sat down on the

benches and put out their oars and rowed, while a man kept time for them. A pilot sat on the deck in the stern and steered. When the boat came to shore, the men did not throw an anchor overboard. They jumped out and pulled the ship up on the sand away from the water. The Greeks said of their boat:



A GREEK VASE

"She is going on long voyages. She needs eyes."

So they painted one on each side of her prow.

All the pictures in this book are drawn from statues or vase-paintings that the Greeks made. If you go to our art stores or art galleries now you will find them full of pictures or casts of beautiful Greek things. There have been many wars in Greece since those old

artists worked, so most of the statues are broken and the paint is rubbed off; for the marble figures used to be colored to appear like real men. Many of the dishes that we find are broken, too, but they tell us much about that old people; for there are pictures on them, "vase-paintings," we say. The colors of these vases are like the colors of this book-cover.

But best of all, we have many stories that the Greeks wrote. Some people of now-a-days have told them over for children. Here are the names of a few of their books:

"Tanglewood Tales," by Hawthorne.
"Wonder Book," by Hawthorne.
"The Greek Heroes," by Kingsley.
"Old Greek Stories," by Baldwin.
"The Story of Ulysses," by Cook.

ACHILLES AND THE WAR

CHAPTER I.

"THE king has a boy baby. They have named him Achilles. He will be our king some day. I hope he will be a brave man."

That is what the people of Thessaly were saying. They stood in the streets and talked about it. They could think of nothing else; for a king's son is a great person.

The mother, ah! she was a beautiful woman. Part of the time she lived under the sea in a cave of pearl. She was as light as mist. Her skin was white like the foam of waves. Her voice was like the sound of the sea on a calm day. But now she was in the king's palace with her baby. She was saying:

"How can we make him strongest and wisest?"

The father thought for a long time. Then he raised his head and spoke.

"I know the wisest, kindest being in the world. He lives in a cave on the side of a mountain. He loves boys, and many kings' sons are living with him now. He teaches them the secrets of the trees and the flowers, the animals, the waters, and the stars. He teaches them to shoot and to run, to wrestle and to box, to swim and to row, to sing and to play the lyre, to speak the truth and to know no fear. It is a good and pleasant place to be. Let us send him there to Cheiron, the Centaur."

So Achilles went when he was five years old. He lived there for many

ACHILLES AND THE CENTAUR HUNTING

years. This Cheiron was very old and very strong. Down to the waist he was like a strong old man. The rest of

him was like a horse. He knew all things in the world and in the sky.

All day long Achilles ran over the steep hills. He jumped from rock to rock. He swam the swift mountain rivers. At night he brought strange plants to the cave and asked Cheiron about them. Or he dragged a deer slung over his shoulder for supper. There came also the other kings' sons with wild game or with curious things. After supper they all sang wonderful stories and played on the lyre. They had sports, leaping and wrestling, and throwing of quoits. The cave and the mountain rang with their laughter.

At last Achilles went back to his father's palace, where there was another wise man, Phœnix. He told Achilles stories of war and of heroes. He taught him to drive horses before a chariot. He taught him to throw a spear and to swing a sword. He taught him to be quick with his shield to ward off a blow.

In the king's palace lived hundreds of young men, servants or warriors. Among the young warriors was one

called Patroklos. When Achilles first saw him he said:

"There is a hero."

He ran to him and clasped his hand, saying:

"You are my brother. I will love you like my own life. You shall never leave me."

Patroklos' eyes shone.

"My lord, my brother!" he said; "I will follow you through the world. I will fight for you. I will die for you. You shall be the dear light of my eyes."

CHAPTER II.

Across the sea from Greece was a wonderful city, Troy. The men of that city were called Trojans.

One day the men of Greece said:

"The Trojans have insulted us. They have stolen the most beautiful woman of Greece. They have stolen Helen."

Then all the bravest warriors began to shout:

"To war! to war! Pull down the ships to the shore. Bring spear and sword

and shield. We will sail to this Troy. We will burn it to the ground. We will bring back yellow-haired Helen."

They gathered at the shore, ready to start. They looked about to see all the great heroes.

"Achilles is not here," they cried. "We can not go without him. Why! he is worth a whole army. Some one must go and get him."

So some one went and Achilles came, and Patroklos with him. He brought fifty ships, and in every ship fifty men. When the army saw how big Achilles was, and how straight and how strong, and how his eyes flashed, they caught their breath in wonder.

"This is the greatest and the most beautiful man in the world," they told one another.

There was one thing more to do before they were ready to go. They said:

"We must have a leader. Agamemnon is richest; he brought the most warriors. Helen was his brother's wife. Let him be our leader."

Now they marched down to enter

their ships. There were so many warriors that the earth groaned under them. They sailed for many days, but at last they began to see Troy. A high brick wall with many towers was around it. It sat on a hill a mile back from the sea. A low plain lay all around it and came down to the ocean. Back of it were high mountains.

"It is a great city," said the Greeks as they looked at it.

They sailed along the coast a little way.

"Here is a good place to land," Agamemnon said at last.

So they rowed to shore. The men stepped out and pulled the boats upon the sand, so that the water did not reach them. Then they took their shields and spears and swords; some took bows and arrows. They all formed in line for battle, with Achilles and the greatest warriors in front.

"We will march against Troy; we will tear down the wall; we will burn the houses and bring back lovely Helen," shouted Agamemnon to the army.

And all the army shouted, "Yes! yes!" and shook their spears.

So they marched against Troy. They fought all day long, but they could not tear down the wall, and they could not get into the city. The Trojans had been ready for them, and there were brave men in Troy, too. ' So the Greeks camped that night and tried again the next day. And many other days they tried to take Troy, but they could not do it. Then they said:

"Perhaps we must stay here a long time. Let us build huts on the shore by the ships and camp there. We will stay until we capture Troy, if it takes ten years."

So they went up to the mountains and cut down pine trees and dragged them to the shore. They chopped them and smoothed them and made houses of them. For the chiefs they made houses with two large rooms and with a porch in front. The roofs were made of rushes from the swamps. Around the houses they built high, close fences of stakes. Near the chief's house they

built smaller huts for the common soldiers.

The Trojans looked down on the camp from their wall and said:

"Why! a great city of little log huts has grown up on our shore. The ships lie on the beach behind. Fires blaze among the huts; smoke of cooking meat rises. A million men are running about; it is a busy city."

That city of huts stayed for ten years. Day after day the Greeks and Trojans fought, but both were so strong that neither was beaten.

During all that time, of course, the Greeks had to have food. The Trojans would not sell it to them. There were many farms and little cities around Troy, but these people were friends of the Trojans, and they would not give to the Greeks. So there was only one thing to do; some of the Greeks would go to these places and take the crops from the farms. They would capture a small city and take good things from there back to camp. For ten years they lived like this.

CHAPTER III.

There was a beautiful place in the sky called Olympos. It was higher than any man could see. It was a wonderful meadow with hills around it. The place was never shaken by winds; it was never wet by rain; the snow never fell upon it; a cloud was never in the air,—clear, warm light always shone upon it. There lived the Happy People. They were taller than men; they knew all things. They could make things come to pass as they pleased. They could stand on the hills and look all over the world with their great eyes. They feasted in gold and silver palaces. They walked among the stars and watched the battles at Troy. Many of them went down sometimes and helped in the war. One of these Happy People was Apollo. The men of the earth had said:

"Does he not send the sun across the sky every day to give us light? Does he not shoot monsters that kill men? Does he not make damp places dry, and

cold mountains warm for us? Let us build a house for him; he can come there to rest when he pleases. We can put meat and fruits there. We must have some one to take care of the house and to burn the meat and fruit, for the smoke will go up to Apollo in the sky. It will make him strong and glad, and he will say, 'Ah! my people love me.'"

So they built him beautiful houses everywhere. One was in a small city near Troy. Chryses took care of that house. He had a beautiful daughter, Chryseis, who lived with him.

Once when the Greeks were hungry they went to this small city and fought with the men. They tore down the walls and went in. They took jars of wine, meats, fruits, spears, swords, and armor, sheep, oxen, and horses, and servants. They took the gold and silver dishes from Apollo's house. And they took Chryseis. They brought everything to one place; the army stood around that great pile of riches. All this was to be divided among the soldiers.

"To our leader, Agamemnon," they said, "we will give these golden dishes and the beautiful Chryseis for a servant. Achilles shall have this other beautiful girl, Briseis, for his servant. Let everything else be divided equally among us."

Each man took his share, and the army marched back to camp.

Chryses stood before the empty house of Apollo and wept for his daughter. He gathered together much gold; for the Greeks had not found it all. He put on the long purple robe that he wore when he was serving Apollo. He took the golden staff in his hand, to show that he was keeper of Apollo's house. In the other hand he carried the treasure. He walked along the shore to the Greek camp, and went among the huts and ships. At last he came to where Agamemnon and Achilles and all the chiefs were talking.

"Noble Agamemnon," he said, "and brave Greeks, may the Happy People of the sky be kind to you; may you get back Helen; may you go home

happy ; but give me my dear daughter. Take this gold and give me Chryseis."

When the Greeks saw his white hair and his gentle face they said :

"Give him back his daughter ; he is a good old man."

But Agamemnon scowled at him, saying :

"Old man, go home ; I will keep your daughter. Go before I grow more angry," and he shook his fist at him.

Chryses was afraid and went away. He walked along the shore of the sea and wept. He raised both his hands and looked up to where Apollo lived, crying :

"O giver of light, lord of the silver bow, Apollo, hear me! The Greeks have stolen my dear daughter, and will not give her back. Help me!"

Apollo was feasting in the golden palace, but he heard the prayer. It made him angry with the Greeks. He took his great silver bow and threw a quiver of arrows over his shoulder. He took large steps down the sky. The arrows clanged at his back. He came

like a black storm-cloud. He stood on the shore, away from the ships. Then he let the arrows fly fast. He shot the dogs and the mules, and they died. Then he shot the men, and they died. For nine days he stood so shooting his arrows.

The Greeks could not think why Apollo was angry with them. They could not think what to do. But at last Achilles went to all the ships and said to the chiefs:

"Let us all come together and try to find out why Apollo is angry."

So they all came. A wise man stood up and spoke:

"Apollo is angry because we would not give Chryseis to her father. If we send her back now he will forgive us; he will shut his quiver and go up to Olympos."

Then Agamemnon scowled at the old man and said:

"Speaker of evil! you are always saying unpleasant things. But if I must, I will give her back. But I will not go without any prize. Get me ready

A GREEK KING

some other thing and give it to me in place of her."

Achilles pointed his finger at the king.

"Stingiest of men!" he said. "Are you not willing to do this for your people? Do you love a prize better than your army? How can we get you a present now? They have all been given out to the men. Shall we go begging them back? Come, give her up, be generous. Wait until we take another town, and we will give you three times your share."

Then Agamemnon said:

"A prize is the sign of a brave man, and prizes make men rich. Do you think that I will go without any gift, while you stalk about proud and rich in yours? Beware! For I will come to your hut and take away Briseis and keep her."

Achilles shook with anger. He put his hand on his sword and was pulling it out to strike Agamemnon. But he stopped. He ground his teeth. He was thinking:

"A cut of the sword would do no good."

He pushed the sword into its sheath again. He threw back his head and looked at Agamemnon.

"Coward!" he said, and shut his teeth hard. "You were always afraid to fight in the front of the battle, but you lay safely in your hut while brave men won prizes for you. And now you are going to steal one. Well, take her, but listen to me. Some day you will be sorry for this; you will weep and tear your heart because Achilles is not there to help you. But fight your own battles if you can; I will sit still in my ship and watch you. Brave Agamemnon! Stingy Agamemnon!"

He stamped his foot and walked away to his hut. Soon heralds came and took Briseis. Then Achilles went to the shore of the sea. He sat down and leaned his head on his arms and wept. He called to his mother, who was under the sea in her cave of pearl. She heard him and came up and over the water like a mist. She sat by him

A WOMAN WITH A JEWEL-BOX
Perhaps she is Briseis, going away.

and put her hand on his face.

"What is it, my dear son?"

"Agamemnon has insulted me," answered Achilles. "He has taken my prize. Briseis is gone."

His mother stroked his hair and said:

"Surely, that was a cowardly thing, but cheer your heart, my son, swallow your anger. Some time Agamemnon will be sorry."

She talked to him for a long time and comforted him. But the anger was still hot in Achilles' heart. He would not talk to the Greeks; he would not go to battle. For many weeks he sat by his ships and scowled at all the Greek camp.

CHAPTER IV.

There were battles every day. Sometimes the Trojans stood on the wall of the city. Then the Greeks came and stood all around the city and tried to break down the wall and get in. Sometimes the Trojans came out on the plain; then the Greeks fought them there.

Priam, the King of Troy, was too old to fight. He and the other old men used to sit on the wall and watch the battles. Down on the plain the armor blazed like fire; helmet plumes waved, dust rose from under men's feet, swords clashed, men shouted. The armies pushed back and forth. The old men looked always at Hector; he was Priam's son. He was the bravest man in the war, now that Achilles was gone. The Trojans loved him and called him "the Strong Wall of Troy."

Once when the old men were sitting watching the battle, Helen came. Long, shining white linen hung soft and loose about her. She walked slowly and

sighed. When the old men saw her, they whispered to one another:

"It is no wonder that the Greeks have come so far to get her, or that they fight so long. She is wonderful; flowers or the moon is not so beautiful."

Priam looked at her and smiled; he was proud of her.

"Come here, my child," he said, "sit by me and tell me who these Greek warriors are."

So Helen went and sat by him. She looked at the battle and told the names of the warriors. She thought of her home in Greece and sighed.

The other women of Troy, too, used to go to the walls and watch the battles. Everybody was sad and afraid and wished that the war would end.

Day after day the armies fought. Sometimes the Greeks won, sometimes the Trojans won. Still Troy was safe, and still the Greeks would not go home.

One day the Greeks were winning, and the Trojans were very much afraid. Hector thought:

"Perhaps Athene would help us if the women asked her."

Athene was one of the Happy People. She lived on Olympos in a golden palace with Apollo and the others, but she also had many houses on the earth. She was watching the battles of Troy. She often came down and helped the Greeks; for she liked them better than the Trojans.

So Hector left the battle and went to the city. As he came near the gate, all the women ran to him.

"Tell me of my son!"

"Have you seen my husband?"

"Is my brother well?" they asked him all together.

"I cannot tell you," he said, sadly. "Come with me to my mother; you must go to Athene's house."

So they followed him to his mother in the great stone palace.

"Mother," said Hector, "take the most beautiful robe in the city, carry it to Athene's house and put it on her wooden statue. Ask her to help us in battle. She will hear you from Olympos."

So the woman did. Hector went to his own house. He looked all through it for his wife, white-armed Andromache, but he could not find her. So he asked the servants.

"She ran to the wall to see the battle," they said. "The nurse went with her and carried your little son."

Then Hector walked fast along the streets and to the city wall. Andromache saw him and ran to him.

"Ah! Hector, my dear lord!" she cried, "you are too brave. I have been watching you. You are always in the worst place; every Greek throws his spear at you because you are the bravest. Hector, I have no friend but you; no father, no mother. Come, stay here with me and your little son; I am afraid to have you in the battle."

Hector stroked her hair and smiled at her.

"I have thought of these things," he said, "but I should be a coward to stay. They need me. I must always be in the front of the battle; I must

fight for Troy, for my father and mother and for you."

Then he stretched out his hands to the baby in the nurse's arms. But the child was afraid of the big shining helmet on Hector's head; he hid his face on the nurse's breast and cried. His father and mother laughed. Hector took off the helmet and threw it on the ground. Then he took the baby and kissed him, and tossed him in his arms.

"O you Happy People in Olympos," he cried, "be kind to my little son. Let him live and grow to be a great king. May the people say of him, 'he is a better man than his father was.' Let him make his mother's heart glad."

He gave the baby to his wife. Again he stroked her with his hand and said:

"Dear one, do not be sad; go home, weave at the loom, do the work of the house and be happy. But I must go to battle."

He put on his helmet and started for the gate. Andromache went on her way home, but she kept looking back at Hector. Big tears fell from her eyes.

Hector went again to the battle and walked out between the two armies. Holding his long spear by the middle, he shouted to the armies, and his voice was like the voice of thunder:

"Listen to me, Trojans and Greeks!"

The fighting stopped, and the men sat on the ground.

"The armies have fought long and hard," said Hector, "the men are tired and wounded. Let them sit and rest. But I will fight alone with any Greek. Who will fight with me?"

The Greeks looked at one another, but all were silent. They were afraid of Hector. At last some one said,

"Let us cast lots."

So they cast lots, and Ajax was chosen. He was the largest man of all the army.

He came striding into the space where Hector was and shook his long spear. The Greeks were glad as they looked at him, he was so big and strong. But the Trojans were afraid; even Hector's heart beat fast.

"Hector!" shouted Ajax, in a voice

like the roar of a lion, "I am not afraid to face you. Begin!"

Then Hector poised his long spear and threw it. Ajax caught it on his shield. Hector threw it so hard that the point went through the bronze and leather to the last layer of the shield, but there it stopped and broke. Then Ajax shouted:

"Now!" and threw his spear.

It cut through Hector's armor and scraped his side. Hector threw another spear; it stuck in Ajax' shield. Then Ajax leaped at Hector and drove a spear into his neck. Hector staggered, the blood gushed out, but still he was not afraid. He caught up a great stone from the ground and threw it hard. Ajax jumped aside and caught it on his shield; the shield rang. Then Ajax threw a great stone. It crushed in Hector's armor, and he fell. The Greeks shouted; the Trojans groaned. But almost immediately Hector jumped up. He caught his sword and was rushing at Ajax, when the heralds came between them.

"Fight no more," they said, "night is coming on."

So they stopped, and Hector said: "Ajax, you are the best of the Greeks. We have fought hard, but let us give presents before we part. Then the people may say, 'These men fought against each other, but they parted friends.'"

He took off his sword and silver scabbard with the belt and gave it to Ajax, and Ajax gave him his purple belt. Then they went back to their own armies, and all the men cooked their supper at camp-fires and ate.

CHAPTER V.

That night the Greeks talked among themselves and said:

"The Trojans have been getting the better of us. They are camped near us now. Suppose to-morrow they should come here to fight and drive us into the sea and burn our huts and our ships! Let us build a high wall of earth around the camp."

So they built it. They piled it twice

as high as a man. They made watch towers on top of the wall and gates where the army could go out upon the plain. Just outside they dug a deep ditch and drove sharp stakes into the bottom of it. They said:

"No man can come alive through that. Now we are safe; the wall and the ditch are in front and on the sides, the sea is behind, and the huts and ships are shut in here."

On the next day they went to the plain to fight. It was the worst fight for the Greeks that had ever been. The Trojans pushed them back and back. At last the Greeks were afraid; they turned and ran through the gates and into the camp. The Trojans ran after them, but the Greeks shut the gates in their faces. Then they went upon the wall and shot down upon the Trojans. But night came, and the battle stopped.

During that night the Greeks came together to talk. Agamemnon said:

"I was wrong to make Achilles angry. He is worth a whole army. The Trojans

will burn our ships if he does not help us. I will send him rich gifts and ask him to come back. I will give him many gold and silver dishes and seven servants and twelve horses, and, besides, I will give back Briseis. When we return home I will make him my son and will give him seven cities. All this I will do if he will come and help us. Here is Phœnix, his old teacher; let him and Odysseus and Ajax and two heralds go to Achilles' hut and tell him what I say."

WOMEN PLAYING ON LYRES

So these men walked along the shore to where Achilles' ships were. When they came near they saw Achilles sitting in front of his door. He was playing a great lyre and singing. Near him sat Patroklos looking at him and listening to the song. Achilles raised his head and saw Phœnix and the others. He sprang up from his chair and ran towards them, with the lyre in his hand.

"Now welcome, dearest of the Greeks," he cried; "you are friends indeed to come."

He spread purple cloth on carved chairs.

"Come, sit with us," and he led them to the seats. "Patroklos, bring a large bowl and mix a sweet drink for our friends."

Then all the servants of the hut put their hands to work and were busy. They built a bonfire before the door; they cut great pieces of meat and put them upon spits and roasted them in the fire. They put meat, wine, honey, and baskets of bread on the table. Then Achilles and Patroklos and their visitors

sat down and feasted. When the feast was over, Odysseus said:

"The feast has been very pleasant, Achilles, but we have other things to do. We fear that the Trojans will burn our ships. They have driven us into our camp; they are now camping in front of us. Their watch-fires are as many as the stars. Hector rages like a lion. He says that to-morrow he will break off the beaks of the ships. He says that he will burn the ships with fire. We are lost if you do not come. Help us, then; up and come! Listen to what Agamemnon promises if you will forget your anger." He told him of the gifts. "But if you do not care for the gifts, come for the sake of your friends."

But Achilles answered:

"I will not do it. Agamemnon is a coward and mean; I will have nothing to do with him. Let me tell you how he has treated me. With my own spear and the spears of my men I have taken twenty-three cities. Nobody helped us. While I was fighting, Agamemnon

stayed safely in his hut; but I brought back all the prizes, the meat and fruit, the grain and horses, and the gold, to him. He took the largest part. He gave rich prizes to the other chiefs. To me he always gave only a little prize. Besides, what are you fighting for? What is Helen to me? I never saw her. Let her own people fight for her. My mother has told me a sad thing. She said, 'If you stay here and fight you will do glorious things, but you will die here and never see your country and father again.' So I am going home now. Watch to-morrow and you will see my ships sailing for Greece. Phœnix, you loved me when I was a boy, stay with me to-night and go home to-morrow."

Phœnix wept, thinking of the sorrow of the Greeks. He begged Achilles to help.

"It is not like a hero to stay angry always," he said.

But Achilles shook his head. So Phœnix stayed, for he said:

"I love him better than all the rest. He is like my own son."

The others went back to camp and told the Greeks what Achilles had said. The chiefs were silent and gloomy when they heard the news.

"We are lost!" they thought.

CHAPTER VI.

But Achilles did not sail home on the next day. Early in the morning a great fight began between the Greeks and Trojans. It was the worst battle that had been fought; the noise was like thunder. Achilles heard it and stayed to watch. He stood on the high part of the ship and shaded his eyes with his hand.

"Ah! it is a brave fight," he said, and stamped his foot.

His soldiers were sitting or walking on the beach. He kept calling to them and telling them of the battle.

"Hector is raging like a lion," he called. "His arm is like a falling tree. The Greeks run or die before him."

Then he watched Agamemnon for a long time.

"You are a brave man to-day, Agamemnon," he said to himself; "I could almost forgive you."

All at once he leaned forward quickly and frowned.

"Agamemnon is wounded," he called to his men.

His eyes flashed; he drew his sword.

"Stand back, you Trojans!" he shouted; but, of course, they could not hear him.

He cried again to his men:

"He is going away in his chariot."

Achilles kept on looking for a long time. He saw a dozen of the bravest men wounded and going away. He walked up and down the deck and shook his spear at the Trojans. He shouted at the Greeks. At last a chariot dashed past near his ship. One man was driving, another was lying on the bottom of the chariot.

"Patroklos!" called Achilles.

Patroklos came out from the hut where he had been working.

"Run and see who is in that chariot," Achilles said to him. "The

wounded man looked like our friend, the great physician. But I could not see well, the horses flew so fast; run quickly."

So Patroklos ran, while Achilles stood watching the fight. The Trojans were pushing the Greeks back and back. Many of the Grecian warriors fell into the ditch. The others ran through the gates and shut them and got upon the wall and fought. The Trojans outside pushed on the gates and threw stones against them. But the heavy logs stood.

Achilles watched and ground his teeth.

"They have broken in the gates," he shouted to his men after a while, groaning as he said it.

Then the Trojans rushed into the camp. They ran about among the huts and threw their spears and shot their arrows. The Greeks were chased down to their ships, but there they stopped and fought their hardest. At last Hector broke through their line. He put his hand on a ship.

"Bring fire!" he shouted to the Trojans.

Then Achilles lifted his hands to the sky.

"Great Zeus," he said, "help my friend in battle, let him save the Greeks, let him come back to me unhurt."

The horses shot forward; the men ran. They dashed into the Trojans; they drove them from the camp and put out the fire. The half-burned ships were left there. Then Patroklos shouted:

"Come, let us chase them back to Troy."

He rode on and all the Greeks followed. He swung his great sword. His helmet blinded the Trojans.

They ran away crying:

"It is Achilles!"

Achilles was standing on his ship again watching. When he saw Patroklos chasing the Trojans across the plain, he cried:

"Come back, Patroklos! Not so far! Some one will kill you! Oh, I cannot see so far!"

He walked up and down the deck. He beat his breast with his hand and kept calling Patroklos.

When the Trojans came to the city-wall they stopped. Hector stood and waited for Patroklos. He threw his spear, and Patroklos fell down dead. The Trojans now took courage and stood up against the Greeks. They pushed them back again, into the ditch and through the gates. Then they stood there fighting, the Greeks on the wall, the Trojans outside.

When Patroklos was killed, a young man ran to tell Achilles. He found him leaning forward, shading his eyes with his hand, saying:

"Where is Patroklos? Why are they coming back? Where is Patroklos?"

Then the young man told him that Patroklos was dead. The spear fell from Achilles' hand; he clasped his head and fell down on the deck and wept and kept calling:

"Patroklos! Patroklos!"

His mother, Thetis, heard him in her cave. She came over the water to him and took his head in her hands.

"My son, what is your sorrow?" she asked.

Achilles said:

"Patroklos is dead, and I was not there to help him. Shame upon me! I sat here in my ship because I was angry. Oh, shame! Now I must go and help them."

"You shall go," said Thetis, "but not now. You have no armor. Hector is wearing yours. I will go to Hephæstos and ask him to make you new armor. Then you shall go."

She went away.

Achilles looked at the battle and saw Hector ready to break in the gate. Achilles scowled and stood up A golden cloud was around his head, fire blazed above it; his eyes shot lightning. He strode toward the wall like a lion. At the ditch he stopped and shouted. The Trojans ceased fighting, their knees trembled, and their spears dropped from their hands. He shouted again. Some of the Trojans turned and ran away. He shouted once more and lifted his hands. Then all the Trojans cried:

"He is coming!" and they ran away.

Even Hector was afraid and ran.

CHAPTER VII.

It was night. Thetis was on her way to Olympos to the silver house of Hephæstos the blacksmith. When she came he was still working at his forge. But he put his tools away in the chest, washed his face and hands with a sponge and came limping to meet her; for he was lame.

"Welcome, dear Thetis," he said. "But there are tears on your face! What is your sorrow?"

She told him about Achilles and Patroklos.

"And I have come to ask you for armor," she said. "Will you make him shield and helmet and breastplate and greaves?"

"Most gladly will I do it, Thetis," Hephæstos answered; "it shall be the finest armor that any man ever wore."

He walked quickly back to the forge and put on his leather apron. He turned the bellows on the fire and took hammers and files and chisels from the tool-box. Then he threw great pieces of tin, bronze,

silver, and gold into pots and put them into the fire to heat. After a while he took out a piece of bronze with tongs and put it on the anvil. Then he hammered it for a long time, until it was round and smooth like a shield. He took pieces of tin and silver and gold and hammered them into thin strips. Of these he made narrow bands around the edge of the shield. In the center of the shield he made pictures of gold and silver. In one picture young men were whirling in a dance; and there was a wedding march, with people singing and carrying torches. In another picture men were ploughing a field. In another, men were harvesting wheat and the women were preparing the supper. In still another picture there was a vineyard. The poles were of silver, the fence was of tin, girls and boys were picking the purple grapes. And, again, there was a herd of cattle, with men and dogs to watch, all made of gold. There was also a pasture with silver sheep. In the last picture were two armies fighting near a walled city. All these pictures

were made of gold and silver and tin in the center of the shield. Around them were bands of gold and silver and tin. The shield would cover a man from his neck to his knees. On the helmet, breastplate, and greaves there were pictures of horses and of men fighting.

Before morning the armor was all finished and Hephæstos gave it to Thetis. She took it and went stepping quickly through the air to Achilles. She dropped the armor at his feet; it rang as it fell. Achilles' eyes flashed when he heard it. He took up the shield and turned it round and round and rubbed his hand over it.

"I never saw so wonderful a shield before," he said.

Then he put on the armor. He laughed with joy when he felt it on him. It was a long time since he had worn armor and fought. He held his head high now and started with big steps along the seashore to the meeting place. It was where he and Agamemnon had quarreled.

When the chiefs heard that Achilles was there, they all came. Many were limping and leaning on their spears, for their wounds were yet sore. Agamemnon came last. He walked very slowly, for he was ill. They all sat down on the stone benches. Then Achilles stood up and said:

"Agamemnon, let bygones be bygones. I will swallow my anger. I will fight against the Trojans."

And Agamemnon answered:

"I was wrong. Forgive me!"

All the chiefs were glad because these great men were friends again. The soldiers laughed and were happy when they ate their breakfast that morning.

"We have Achilles back," they kept saying.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Trojans were waiting on the plain. At last the gates opened, and the Greeks came out. When the Trojans saw Achilles they turned white with fear, but every man said:

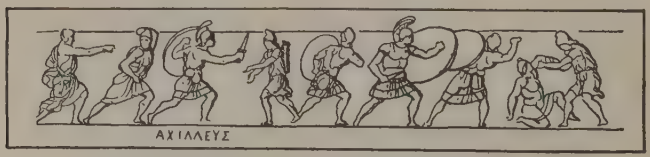
"We must stand and fight this time."

So they stood and fought their best. Many spears broke through men's armor. Many arrows struck men's bodies. Many swords cut through strong shields.

"We are pushing the Trojans back," shouted the Greeks after a while.

And so they were. Across the plain, across the river, up towards Troy they retreated slowly, fighting hard all the time. The Mighty Ones came down from Olympos to help, but no army could make a stand before Achilles. He was like a terrible fire blowing in their faces.

The Trojans were near the city now. King Priam and the old men and the women stood on the wall. Priam was weeping and wringing his hands. As the soldiers came near, he went to the guards of the gates.



ACHILLES CHASING THE TROJANS

His name in Greek letters is below him.

"Open the gates, quickly!" he cried, "and let my people in to safety."

So they opened the gates, and all the Trojan army ran in. Then they closed the gates. But Hector waited outside. On came the whole Greek army. Achilles was running far in front.

Priam was again on the wall. He stretched out his arms, and tears were on his cheeks.

"Come, Hector!" he called. "Come into the city. Do not wait for Achilles. He is a terrible man."

But Hector did not move. He watched Achilles come nearer. He heard the clatter of his sword and saw the long stride of his feet.

"I cannot win against him," he thought.

Yet he stood and waited. He saw the great muscles of Achilles' arms. He heard his breath whistle through his nostrils. He saw the flashing of his eyes. Then Hector's knees began to tremble, and his heart became sick. He turned and ran. Achilles followed, shouting. For a long time the two

warriors ran back and forth in front of the wall. Achilles all the time kept between Hector and the gate.

At last Hector thought to himself:

"I am a coward!"

He stopped and stood facing Achilles.

"I will fight," he shouted.

Then they threw their long spears and swung their heavy swords at each other, and Achilles' spear struck Hector dead. All the Trojans were on the walls watching. When Hector fell, they cried out:

"We are lost! Now they will burn Troy. We cannot save the city without Hector. The Strong Wall of Troy has fallen."

Achilles took Hector to his hut. He was very angry with him for having killed Patroklos.

"Ah, Hector," he said, scowling at the dead body, "you shall never have a great mound over you to do you honor. No one can put a stone on your grave and write on it and say, 'Here lies Hector. the bravest and best man of Troy.' But I will do these things for Patroklos."

CHAPTER IX.

In the city the Trojans were weeping for Hector. At last Priam called his servants.

"Yoke the mules to the wagon," he said. "Hitch the horses to my chariot."

"What are you going to do?" asked his wife.

"I am going to Achilles' hut," he answered. "I will ask him to let me bring Hector back. I want to build a mound for my brave son."

"O foolish Priam!" cried his wife. "He will kill you, too. He is angry with us all, but he is most angry with you because you are the king and are Hector's father."

"I do not care what happens to me," said Priam. "I am going. Do not try to stop me."

He went to his treasure house and opened large chests. He took out twelve robes of shining linen and soft wool, purple, and yellow, and white. They were trimmed with gold and silver. He took also twelve cloaks and many other

pieces of fine cloth, and great piles of gold and many golden goblets.

"Put these into the wagon," he said. "I will give them to Achilles. Perhaps he will not be angry then."

HERMES
His name in Greek letters is above his staff. He has not yet tied on his winged sandals.

An old servant stood in the wagon to drive the mules. Priam rode in his chariot. He started across the plain with the wagon following him. It was night. Watch-fires burned outside the Greek wall, and the soldiers were on guard. Zeus saw Priam from Olympos. He spoke to a young man who stood by him.

"Hermes," he said, "go take Priam

into the Greek camp. Let no man see him."

Then Hermes flew through the air; for there were wings on his sandals. He stopped by the chariot and said:

"Where are you going, father? Why are you here? This is time to sleep. Can I help you?"

Priam did not know Hermes, so he said:

"I think you are a Greek. Tell me, is my son Hector in Achilles' hut?"

"I just saw him there," answered Hermes.

"Do you know the way?"

"Yes."

"Will you guide me to him?" asked Priam.

"Most gladly," answered Hermes.

He leaped into the chariot and took the reins. When they came near the wall, they could see the guards there, but Hermes raised his hand and the men all fell asleep. Then he opened the gates and drove to Achilles' hut. He opened the gate in the fence that was around the hut, and the chariot

and the wagon drove in and stopped near the door. But Hermes had gone, and Priam went into the hut alone.

There sat Achilles and two soldiers at the supper table. Their backs were turned toward the door, so they did not see Priam come in. He went quickly and knelt on the floor by Achilles' chair and put his hands on Achilles' knees. Achilles jumped back at the touch, and when he saw who it was, he scowled and clinched his fists.

"Achilles, think of your own father," Priam cried. "He is an old man like me, but he is proud because he has a brave son. But I have lost my brave son. Give him back to me, for your father's sake."

Tears came into Achilles' eyes. He was thinking of his old father far away.

"It would break his heart if I should die," Achilles thought.

He took Priam's hand and raised him from the floor.

"Unhappy old man," he said, "how did you dare come to the Greek camp?"

"Because I loved my son," answered Priam.

"Do not weep," said Achilles.

"My wagon is at your door," answered Priam. "There are gifts in it. Will you take them and not be angry with me?"

"I will take them," said Achilles, "I will not be angry, and I will give you Hector. Sit, now, in this chair and rest."

The servants took the presents from the wagon. Achilles wrapped two beautiful cloaks about Hector, and put him into the wagon and went back to the hut.

"Your son is in your wagon, Priam," he said. "In the morning you shall take him home. But you are tired and sick. You shall eat and sleep in my hut and go back in the morning."

Then he killed a white sheep. His men roasted it over a bonfire before the door, and servants brought wine and bread. They set these things before Priam, and he ate and drank.

Achilles looked at him and thought: "He is a noble old man."

And Priam looked at Achilles out of the corner of his eye and thought:

"He is a big man, and a strong man, and a kind man, too. People do not know him when they say that he is always cruel."

When Priam had finished eating, Achilles said to his men:

"Spread soft rugs in the porch. You shall sleep there until morning, Priam. And tell me, do you wish to bury Hector and build a great mound in his honor?"

"Yes," said Priam.

"How long will it take?" asked Achilles. "I will hold the army back from fighting until it is done."

Priam looked at him in wonder.

"Are you indeed willing to do that?" he said. "If you are willing, then let us have peace for eleven days."

"It shall be so," said Achilles.

Then they went to sleep, Achilles in the hut and Priam in the porch. Early in the morning, before it was light, Hermes came again. He waked Priam and guided him home.

When the Trojans saw Priam with Hector, driving slowly into town, they cried in wonder:

"Is it possible? Can Achilles be kind? Can he forget his anger?"

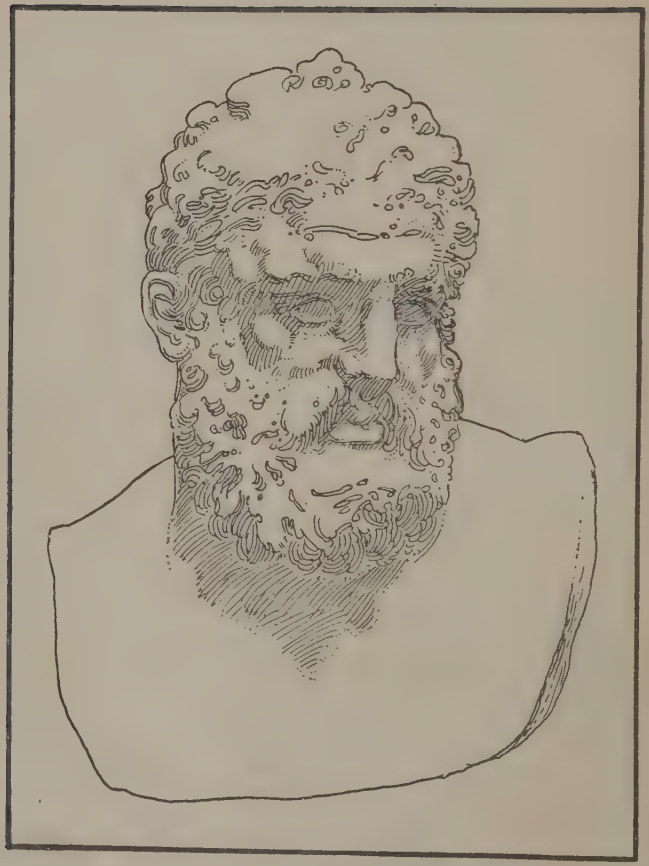
CHAPTER X.

Not long after this Achilles died in battle at Troy. And at last, after much fighting, the Greeks broke down the walls and burned the city. Even then the Trojans remembered Achilles and said:

"He was a better man than these are."

The Greeks built a great mound of earth over Achilles' grave. It stood on the shore for a long, long time. When sailors passed it they said:

"That is the grave of Achilles, the bravest warrior that ever lived."



HERAKLES

HERAKLES THE WANDERER

CHAPTER I.

CATTLE were grazing on a hillside in Greece. The young herder was lying near on a warm rock. The sun made his red hair shine. He was singing a merry song in a great voice. After a while he stopped singing and stretched out his big arms, yawning.

"O Father Zeus," he said, "this is lazy work. To think that I am a son of Zeus! Yet here I lie herding cattle."

He sat up straight.

"It was not like this in old Cheiron's cave. It was not like this in my mother's house. Brave men and warriors were there. But I could beat them all in sword play and in boxing. Where is my sword now?"

He felt at his side. There was no sword there, only the leather belt of his short, gray chiton.

He looked at his fists.

"What are you good for, my fists? Let us see whether you can work yet."

He jumped up like a deer and ran to a steep bank in the hill.

"Now show what you can do," he shouted.

He struck the bank with his fists. Left, right, up, down! He hit hard. The grass and dirt flew into the air. He laughed when he saw it. He hit harder and faster. The sweat ran down his face. His breath came heavily. The dirt flew faster and faster. He was making a hole in the bank. At last he stopped and threw himself upon the grass, laughing loud so that the woods rang.

"You are beaten, old hill!" he cried. "I have not forgotten how to box. Oh, it is pleasant to feel my muscles strong!"

He looked at his fists again and said to them:

"But what good have you done? Were you made only to pound a hill?"

He felt of the great muscles on his arms.

"And you, arms! You could squeeze lions to death. Why are you not at work?"

He looked at his legs. The great muscles stood out on them.

"Lazy legs!" he said. "Take me into strange lands. Take me where there is work and frolic."

He looked off across the country with its hills and small rivers. Little wheat fields and barley fields were in the valleys. Olive groves and vineyards were on the hillsides. Tiny white houses shone among the fields and groves.

"I wonder what people are doing in those little houses," Herakles said to himself.

Just then he saw a cart moving along in the road that went past the foot of the hill. He walked down to meet it. The mule that was pulling it was so poor that every rib showed. He dragged his feet, and his ears hung down. A man walked by the cart. Herakles shouted to him:

"Hello, friend! What news?"

"Bad news!" said the man.

"Bad! Where are you from?" Herakles asked.

"King Thespios' country," the man answered.

"You are a long way from home!" Herakles said.

"The farther the better!" the man growled out, frowning.

"Why, what is the trouble?" asked Herakles.

"Our country is ruined," the man answered. "No crops! No hunting! Nothing to eat! We are starving. It is the lion's fault."

"What lion?" Herakles asked.

The man looked at him in wonder.

"Have you not heard?" he said. "A monstrous lion is running over our country. He tramples our wheat fields and makes his bed in our barley fields. He eats our sheep and cattle. Our people dare not go out of their houses. If they do, he kills them. I have nothing left but this mule and cart. The lion has spoiled everything. I am trying to find work, but nobody wants me."

"Why do your people not kill the lion?" Herakles asked.

The man smiled.

"Oh! you never have seen him," he said. "He is as big as two lions. His skin is as thick as a board. An arrow will not go through it. We cannot kill him. Apollo might do it, or some great son of Zeus. We cannot."

How can I get to that country?" asked Herakles.

The man looked at him and wondered.

"Do you think of going there?" he asked.

"Yes!" said Herakles, "I am going to kill the lion!"

The man laughed.

"Why, you are crazy!" he said. "Did I not tell you how big he is? He has killed all our strongest men. Besides, you have no weapons."

Herakles held out his arms.

"Are not these good weapons?" he asked.

The man looked at the great arms and then up into Herakles' face. Herakles'

eyes were shining. His mouth was smiling. The man's eyes opened wide.

"Surely you must be a son of Zeus," he said. "You look like him. I think you can kill the lion. I will go back and show you the way."

Herakles clapped him on the shoulder.

"Good, my friend!" he cried. "Here we go. Ho, ho! Now, my arms, you shall have work to do. No lazy lying in the sun now. Work, work!"

Then he turned to the man.

"But we must first go to the village, friend. I must send some one to watch the cattle."

So they did. Then off down the road they went, Herakles singing and laughing. The mule walked behind, pulling the cart. This cart had two wheels of solid wood. The body of it was like a big box. Herakles looked back.

"Poor starved mule!" he said. "I can pull the cart better than you can."

He quickly unharnessed the mule and lifted him into the cart, giving a big, merry laugh as he did it.

"Lie there," he said. "See how it feels to ride."

He threw the harness into the cart. Then he turned to the man.

"You, too, are thin and tired," he said. "In you go!"

Herakles' strong arms lifted the man as though he were a baby and set him in the cart.

"That is better," Herakles said.

Then he took hold of the shafts and ran off down the road, singing:

"Better things to eat soon, my friends! We will fill your empty stomachs. Ho, for the lion, the lion!"

They passed through many little villages with vineyards and wheat fields around them. People always stopped work and looked at this big man and his cart and laughed. Toward evening as the strange party came near a little village, the man said:

"This is in my country. See the wheat fields!"

It seemed as if some big animal had rolled in them. No people were about. When Herakles and his cart-load came

to the village, there was no one in the lanes. The doors of the houses were all shut.

"It is as though everybody were dead," said Herakles.

He stopped before a house. The front wall was of rough stone, with a door of heavy logs in the middle of it. Herakles knocked on the door. Nobody came. He knocked again. Nobody came. He turned to the man in the cart and said:

"Perhaps nobody lives here."

"Yes," the man said, "but they are afraid of the lion."

Then Herakles shook the great door and shouted:

"Ho, there! Let us in. We are friends."

Then somebody from inside said:

"Who are you?"

"We are friends," Herakles answered. "Let us in."

"Do you see the lion?" asked the man inside.

"No, he is not here. Open the door," Herakles called.

He heard somebody pulling back

the great bolt. The door opened a little way, and a man peeped out. His face was white with fear. Herakles pushed the door wide open and pulled the cart in, saying as he did so:

"You are too much afraid. This is no way to treat guests."

The man of the house was shutting the door again.

"We have had no guests for so long!" he said. "The lion is our only guest."

He was looking at the cart-load. He seemed surprised. Herakles saw it and laughed.

"Do not mules usually ride in this country?"

He lifted the mule out and set him down. A few cattle and sheep were in the court. They were all poor. Herakles walked among them and rubbed their rough sides.

"They do not have enough to eat, do they?" he asked.

"No," answered the man. "It is the lion's fault. I dare not let them out to grass for fear of him. I have been

afraid to go out to the fields to cut oats and hay. So my cattle are shut up here and are starving, and so are we. Oh, we are poor and unhappy!"

Then he stopped and looked at Herakles and smiled.

"But forgive me, stranger," he said. "I have no right to make you unhappy with my troubles. Come into the house. You seem to have walked far, for there is dust on your clothes."

He led his guests into the house and called aloud:

"Bring food. We have guests."

A door at the back of the room opened, and two women came out with faces white and scared. They pulled out a small, round table and put upon it a big jar of milk, a basket of bread and a great vase of wine, and set three large red bowls by the milk. One woman hung the leg of a lamb over the fire to cook. She stood by and turned the meat while it roasted.

All this time Herakles was asking about the lion or telling of his walk through the country.

"Oh! I do not like these long faces," he said. "Can we not laugh?"

Then he told a funny story. As the people listened, their eyes began to shine again and their lips to smile. It was not so much the story as Herakles' good, happy voice and roaring laugh that did it.

When the meat was done, the woman cut great pieces and laid them on the table; for there was no table-cloth and no plates. Then the man of the house said:

"Come, friends, sit and eat."

Herakles found his bowl full of milk. He drank it off in three swallows. He ate great pieces of meat and bread, and the women brought more of everything. They said among themselves:

"He eats like a lion. He must have walked far to-day. And he is very big. He needs much to eat."

And all the time Herakles was laughing and joking. It made the other people laugh to hear him.

"It is a long time since we have been merry," the man of the house said.

At last Herakles put down his bowl.

"Thank you, friend," he said with his big voice. "I was hungry. The food was good. Now, where is your lion?"

"He was last seen in the forest, a mile away."

Then they heard a great noise that shook the house. All the people jumped.

"That is the lion," they said. "He is roaring."

Herakles laughed.

"Good, good!" he shouted. "He is calling me. Good-by, friends."

He started for the door, but the man of the house caught his arm.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "Do not go near him. He will kill you."

Herakles looked down at his host.

"Do you think he will kill me?" he laughed.

When he said it he lifted the man in his arms.

"See. Do you think he will kill me?"

He set the man down and laughed again. Then out he strode through the

door. The women cried when they saw him go, but the man said:

"He has strong arms. Perhaps—"

CHAPTER II.

So Herakles came to the forest and walked among the trees, looking about.

"Where shall I find him?" he was thinking.

All at once he stopped. There was the lion. He was crouching, ready to jump. He was snarling and showing his sharp teeth. He was swinging his tail and glaring at Herakles.

Quickly Herakles took hold of a young oak tree. He pulled, and up it came by the roots. He swung it like a club and hit the lion with it many times. But the great lion crouched on the ground and kept crawling nearer and nearer. He came so close that Herakles could no longer use his club and he threw it away. At that minute the lion jumped. But Herakles was too quick for him. He caught the beast in his strong arms and crushed the great ribs and threw

him to the ground, dead. Then he sat down to take breath. He was panting, and sweat was rolling down his face. He looked at the oak tree that he had torn up.

"You were a good club," he said. "I will keep you."

He looked at the dead lion.

"I will take you to the village," he laughed. "The people will be glad to see you dead."

He threw the great lion over his shoulder and dragged the tree behind him. So he walked through the forest and down the lane of the village, singing loud as he went:

"Oh, ho! He is dead. The lion is dead. Do not be afraid. Come out, you people; come out and see the lion dead."

The people in their houses heard him. They said to one another:

"That is a good voice. But it cannot be true. Surely no one has killed the lion."

They opened their doors just a little and peeped out. Then they shut the doors quickly. Their faces were white

and scared. They said to the people behind them:

"A terrible thing! A lion is dragging a tree. It talks."

They looked again. They stepped out of the doorways. They called back to those in the house:

"No! It is a man. He has killed the lion. Come out. The lion is dead."

So all the people ran to Herakles, shouting:

"Hail, hail! brave stranger! Is he dead? Is the lion really dead?"

They cried because they were so glad.

"How did you do it?" they asked Herakles. "Wonderful! Wonderful!"

They put their hands on his arms.

"Your arms are strong," they said. "What is your name?"

"Herakles," he told them.

Then they said:

"Let us have a feast for Herakles. Let us have it out of doors in the sunshine. It is so long since we played out of doors! But we need not fear the lion now."

So they had a great feast there in

the lane of the village. All the people came. They sang and danced around Herakles and threw flowers at him. They brought him oranges and grapes and pomegranates and piled them beside him.

"Eat!" they said. "A big man must eat. A man who kills lions must eat."

They brought great red bowls of milk.

"Drink!" they said; "surely the hard fight made you thirsty."

They brought whole legs of roasted lamb and roasted pig. And all the time Herakles sat and laughed.

"I am glad to see you happy, friends," he said. "But I cannot eat all this. I have had enough. Get me an ax now. I will make my club better."

Every man ran and brought an ax.

"One is enough," Herakles laughed.

He chopped off the top of the tree, and the roots, and made the club round at the lower end. Then he lifted it and swung it about his head. The people stepped back; for they were a little afraid.

"He is very big and strong," they thought.

Herakles saw that they were afraid. So he laughed and said:

"This has been a merry feast, friends. And what will you do with the lion there?"

"We will give the skin to you, Herakles," they answered. "It would make you a good cloak. You are like a lion."

So they took off the skin.

"Now you must stay with us, Herakles, while we tan the hide and make your cloak," they said.

"Yes!" one man cried, "stay with me. I have a big house."

"No," said another man, "stay with me. We want you."

"Oh, come to my house, Herakles," another pleaded.

And so everyone wanted him. Herakles laughed.

"I see a wheat field over there. It is not all spoiled. It needs cutting. I will stay with the man who owns that field."

So Herakles stayed there for a few days and helped all the men cut their wheat.

"Herakles can do more work than twenty men," the people said. "He cuts wheat as though he were killing lions."

At last the cloak was ready, and all the people came together. They threw the skin over Herakles' shoulders. The lion's head was like a helmet for him. He tied the front legs under his chin. The hind feet just touched the ground and the tail dragged behind.

"A lion walking on his hind legs!" the people laughed.

"He has far to go," Herakles replied, "so good-by, friends! If you ever need me again, send for me."

He threw the club over his shoulder and started down the road. The people ran after him, shouting:

"Good-by, Herakles! May Zeus love you and help you!"

CHAPTER III.

So Herakles went through the country. At last he came to his mother's house. He went through the gate and down through the court and into the house. His mother was sitting by the fire weeping. She did not see Herakles. He went up to her softly and knelt on the floor and put his arms around her.

ZEUS IN OLYMPOS
This picture is from an old Greek coin.

"What is the matter, little mother?" he asked.

"O, Herakles! is it you?" she cried. She put her hands on his face and kissed him.

"I have been longing for you, my son. I was very lonely. Your father is up in Olympos, so I almost never see him, and you have been away so long!"

"I will stay with you now. We will have a merry time," said Herakles.

Then his mother noticed the lion's skin and she drew away, afraid.

"What is this, Herakles?" she asked.

Herakles laughed.

"Oh, I killed this lion. Does he not make a good cloak?"

His mother looked at him with smiling eyes.

"To think that you used to be my little baby, you killer of lions!" she said.

Herakles stayed with his mother for a long time and filled the house with his laughter and merry songs. One day he came in from out of doors.

"Mother," he said, "I have been sitting on a hill, where I could look far off. I saw men working in wheat fields with sickles, and other men working in fields with hoes. Their backs were bent with the hard work. I saw forests, where I know there are lions. There is much to be done, mother. Other men work, but I am playing here at home. I must not stay any longer. There is

labor for my big arms. I will leave you with the king. He will take good care of you. I will go to Delphi and ask Apollo what to do. He knows everything and he will tell me what is right. Shall I do it, mother?"

His mother looked at him. There was love in her eyes. She was proud of him.

"Yes, my son, go. People need you."

So on the next day Herakles went to Delphi.

CHAPTER IV.

Delphi was a lonely place among bare, steep mountains. There was a great crack in the ground where smoke and gas came out. A house of Apollo was over the crack. A priestess lived here, and Apollo used to talk with her. Apollo knew everything and he loved all men and told them what to do.

Herakles went into the temple. A priest met him.

"Ask Apollo what I shall do," Herakles said.

The man went into another room and brought out the priestess in her long white robe. He took a stool and set it over the crack in the rock. Here the priestess sat and breathed the smoke and gas. Apollo, up in the sky, had heard the question and saw his priestess sitting there. In some wonderful way he made her know how to answer. She said some strange words that Herakles could not understand, but the priest told him what they meant.

"Apollo says that you must go to King Eurystheus and do everything that the king tells you to do."

Herakles went out of the temple and sat down on a rock to think. He had not expected this answer. He knew Eurystheus well. They were cousins, but they did not like each other. He thought:

"Must I be Eurystheus' servant? He is a coward. He is mean. He will scold at me. He will never let me rest."

Herakles thought for a long time. At last he struck his leg angrily.

"I will not go!" he said. "I will

wander over the world instead. That will be fun. I shall see many strange things and meet many wonderful people. That will be a gay life."

He started off swinging his club. Then he stopped.

"But Apollo knows best," he thought. "He knows what I ought to do. And why do I not want to be a servant to Eurystheus? Is it because I am lazy? Am I afraid of his hard words? Perhaps he has something that must be done and needs my help. That must be why Apollo sent me. He knows best. I will go."

And off he went singing:

"More work for you, my arms! Long walks for you, my legs!"

So he came singing to King Eurystheus' house. He went along the path and through the court and into the great room. There sat the king. He was a little man with thin, black hair. He always hung his head as though he were ashamed. His eyes were little and black, and he looked out of the corners of them. He jumped when he

saw Herakles in the door. Herakles walked up to the king and said:

"Well, cousin Eurystheus, I have come to help you. Apollo sent me. What shall I do?"

"Go kill the hydra!" Eurystheus snapped out.

"A hydra?" Herakles said. "It is an ugly thing, but I will kill it. Where is your hydra, cousin?"

Eurystheus nodded to a servant.

"Go show him," he said.

So the servant showed Herakles the way. Herakles went singing down the road, jumping over bushes and running races with wild rabbits. He acted as though he were going to play a game instead of to kill a horrible monster.

He walked all day. At night he came to a house and knocked at the door. A woman opened it.

"Will you take a stranger in?" Herakles asked. "I am hungry and tired."

"Certainly," she said. "Come in."

She led him into the house. She put a soft cushion into a chair.

"Sit here and rest," she said to him.

Then she got a basin of cool water and washed his feet that were dusty and tired and sore from the long tramp. After that she pulled out a little round table and set upon it a basket of bread and a bowl of milk. Then she said:

"Come, stranger, eat and drink. I cannot give you a fine feast, for we are poor. We used to have wheat and wine in our store-room and sheep and cattle in our barn. But they are all gone now. The hydra lives in the swamp below us. His breath is poison, and it fills the air. It has killed all our cattle, and now my husband is sick from it. He has not been able to cut our wheat, and it has gone to waste. All our neighbors are sick, too, and cannot help us."

"So this is where the hydra lives?" Herakles said. "Good! I came to kill it. Your husband shall be well. Is he alone now?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps he would like company," Herakles said. "Let us go and talk with him."

So Herakles drank the bowl of milk in three swallows.

"Never mind the bread now," he said. "Let us go."

The man was lying on a couch. His face was hot with fever. Herakles put his big, cool hand on the man's face and pushed the hair from his forehead. He said with his great voice:

"Well, friend, do you like your couch so much that you must lie on it all the time?"

Then he laughed. The man looked up at him.

"It sounds good to hear a laugh," he said.

"You will all be laughing in a day or two," Herakles answered.

He sat by the man for a while and told him stories and made him laugh. He sang, too, and his big voice made the roof ring. At last he said:

"Now I will sleep. To-morrow something will happen."

As soon as the sun rose in the morning Herakles was up. He drank a bowl of milk, then off he went.

It was a hard thing to kill the hydra. It was like a great snake with a hundred heads. It lived in deep mud. All day Herakles fought with it. The hydra bit him, and the mud held his feet, so that he had to pull and strike at once. The sun was hot and burned his face. But at last the hydra was dead. Herakles walked out of the swamp and threw himself upon the grass, too tired to stand. He lay there all night. In the morning he was stiff. His legs, and arms, and back ached. But when he sat up he saw the dead hydra and he forgot his backache and laughed with joy.

"Now the sick people will be well. But I must go back. Perhaps Eurystheus has something else for me to do."

So he walked up the road. He stopped at the house where he had slept. The woman came to the door.

"How is your husband?" Herakles asked.

"He is much better," the woman answered. "I thought you must have killed the hydra. Did you?"

"Yes," said Herakles; "do I not look like it?"

His legs and arms were muddy. His lion's skin cloak was dirty. His clothes were torn. His red hair was rough and damp with dew.

Tears came to the woman's eyes.

"You did that hard thing for us!" she said. "Surely you must be some son of Zeus. Perhaps you are Herakles who killed the lion."

"Yes," Herakles said, and laughed in wonder. "Did you hear about that?"

The woman's eyes opened wide.

"Herakles?" she cried. "The good and brave! Is Herakles in my house?"

She ran to her husband's bed.

"Herakles is here," she said. "He has killed the hydra."

"Go tell the neighbors," she said to her little son. "Tell them to come."

So the little boy ran.

The woman hurried to the cistern in the court. She filled a kettle with water and hung it over the fire in the big room. She pulled out a bronze tub from a corner and set a red vase of

olive oil by it. She took the lion's skin away and cleaned it. Then she got a new chiton and laid it ready for Herakles to wear. When the water was warm she filled the tub.

"Come, bathe," she said.

So Herakles bathed and oiled himself and put on the clean chiton.

Soon the neighbors began to come. They brought meat and vases of milk and wine in great skin bottles. They cooked the meat and spread a feast. The house was full of busy people. And all the time they were looking at Herakles and talking about him.

"Is he not big?" one said.

"How kind his blue eyes are!" another said.

Some sat by him and talked.

"How did you do it?" they asked.

"Oh, I hardly know," laughed the great hero.

"Our people are all beginning to get well," they told him.

Herakles smiled and his big eyes shone.

"Are they? Oh, I am glad!" he said.

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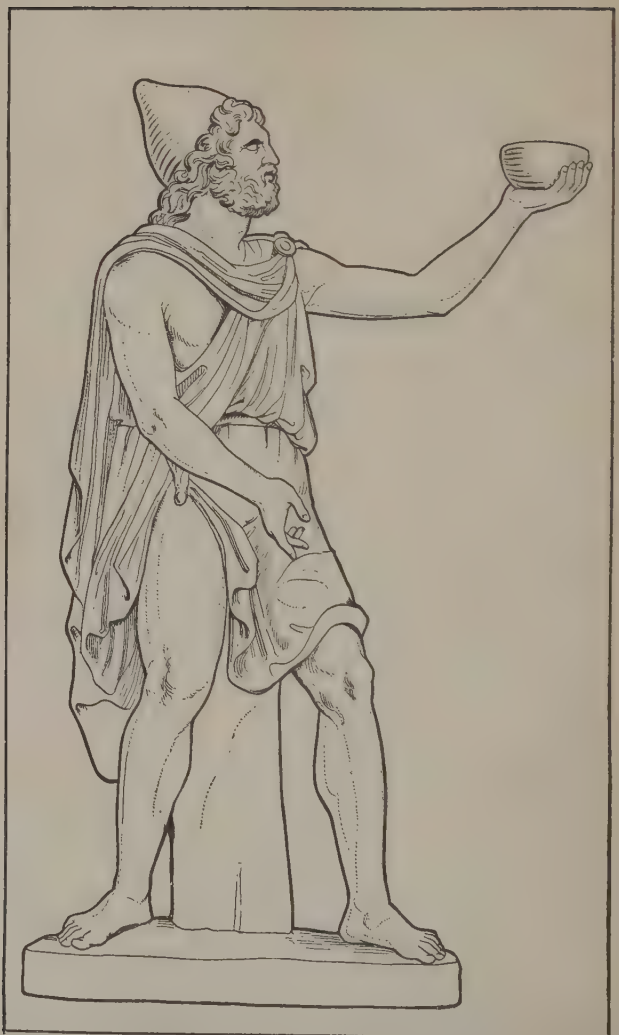


This is the way Herakles raised the cup of wine before he poured it upon the fire.

"Let us thank Zeus for that. He always helps me. He is my father."

So he took a bowl of wine to a little stone altar that stood in the court. A fire was burning on it. He poured the wine upon the fire, and other men put meat on. Herakles raised his hands to the sky.

"O, Father Zeus!" he said. "You helped us. We love you for it. We burn this meat and wine in thanks to you."

Then all the people feasted together and laughed and sang and shouted for Herakles.

"If we are ever sick again," they said, "we will ask you to help us, Herakles."

"I will come gladly," Herakles replied.

At last he bade them good-by and started back to Eurystheus' house. It was a long walk. The roads were dusty and the sun was hot. Herakles grew tired and hungry. He thought:

"Soon I shall be at Eurystheus' house. It will be good to feel warm water on my feet. It will be pleasant

to sit on a soft cushion. Hot meat and cool wine will taste good."

At last he came to Eurystheus' house. Eurystheus was sitting at a table eating. He did not smile to see Herakles. He did not call the servant to wash his feet. He did not ask him to sit at the table. Instead he looked at him out of the corners of his eyes and said:

"Are you back? There is a wild stag up north, with golden horns. Go catch him. Bring him to me alive. Go!"

So Herakles turned and walked away.

"Well, my legs," he said, "no rest for you. But never mind. We shall see a stag with golden horns."

Soon Herakles forgot about being tired and hungry. He was watching the clouds and listening to the wind in the trees. He sang:

"Oh, it is great to be out of doors. The sunshine is good. Oh, ho! oh, ho!"

It took Herakles a year to catch the stag. Then Eurystheus sent him off to do something else. Herakles did it and came back. Then Eurystheus sent him again. And so it was for twelve years.

Herakles had no time to rest. He was working all the while. The hard work made wrinkles come in his forehead. His arms and legs grew stronger. A curly red beard grew on his chin. But his blue eyes stayed merry, and the good smile still played about his mouth. He sang as he walked along the road. He made everybody that he saw happy.

CHAPTER V.

One day Herakles was walking across a sandy plain. There were no trees and

A GREEK BOWMAN

no grass. The sun blazed down very hot. The sweat rolled off Herakles' face. He held his lion's skin in his hand and dragged it along the ground because it was too hot to wear it. At last he threw down his club and the lion's skin.

"I cannot go on," he cried out angrily. "It is too hot."

He looked up at the sun.

"Apollo!" he shouted, "you have no right to fry me. You are too hot. You want to kill me. Stop it!"

He shook his fist at the sun.

"Do you hear me?" he shouted. "I cannot see you, but you are there."

HERAKLES AND HIS BOW
From an old Greek coin.

He was carrying a bow and a quiver of arrows. He set an arrow in his bow and aimed at the sun and pulled the string far back. All that time he was talking.

"It is easy for

you! You ride in a golden chariot. You are up among the cool breezes. I am plodding down here in the sand. Stop burning me, I say."

Twang! went the bow-string. The arrow flew into the sky. Apollo had been looking down at Herakles. He saw the arrow and laughed.

"Did he think he could hit me?" he said to himself. "He is a funny fellow. But he is a merry fellow, and that was well shot. It flew higher than any other arrow I ever saw. He deserves a good bow."

Apollo took his own silver bow from his shoulder and dropped it. Down through the air it fell. Herakles thought it was a flash of lightning. But the bow lay on the sand at his feet. He picked it up.

"Apollo's bow!" he said. "He has given it to me."

He stretched out his hands to the sun.

"I thank you, Apollo, I thank you."

Then he thought:

"Perhaps Apollo is hungry and tired

from his long ride. What can I do for him?"

He saw a big bird flying. He shot it. Then he made a little mound of sand.

"This shall be Apollo's altar," he said to himself.

He built a fire upon the altar and put half of the bird into the fire. Then he raised his hands to the sun.

"O, Apollo! I have made here a little feast in your honor. The sweet smell is going up to you. I hope that it will make you strong. I send my love up with the sweet smell."

Then he sat and ate the other half of the bird.

Apollo liked the odor from the altar.

"There is a kind-hearted man!" he thought. "It must be hot down there in the sand. Poor fellow!"

Then Apollo drew a cloud in front of his chariot, and Herakles walked in a cool shadow all day. And all day Apollo kept thinking about Herakles and his arrow and laughing about it.

"He is a merry fellow," he thought.

CHAPTER VI.

So for twelve years Herakles was Eurystheus' servant. He walked all over the world and did a thousand wonderful things. At last Eurystheus could think of nothing else for him to do, so he said:

"You may go. I do not want you any longer."

Herakles passed his hand over his red hair.

"Thank you, cousin," he said. "Then I will rest a little."

He went home to his mother and his wife and his little children. They cried with joy when they saw him.

"Ah, Herakles," they said, "it is fine to have you at home again."

For a while they had merry times together. But one day Herakles said:

"I must go away again. I have been idle too long. There still is work for me to do."

So he kissed his family good-by and went away. All over the world he went singing and working.

Once Herakles was at a little city, Olympia, resting from some great deed. He said to the people:

"My muscles are aching for a game, friends. Let us have some sport."

And everybody shouted:

"Yes, games! Go tell all the people."

So men ran all over the country.

"Come to Olympia to-morrow," they shouted to everybody. "There will be games. Come show how well you can wrestle and box. Herakles will be there. Come."

On the next day the plain was full of people in their gayest clothes. There was an empty space in the middle of the plain. Herakles walked into it. He had thrown off his chiton, so the people could see his big muscles.

"He looks strong," they said. "How straight he stands! He walks like a lion."

Herakles shouted:

"Who will come wrestle with me?"

A big man with black hair and beard and fierce eyes stepped out.

"I will," he said.

"Dryas, the robber!" the people said to one another. "Oh, may Herakles win! But no one ever did win against Dryas."

Dryas threw off his chiton. He and Herakles stood face to face. One was as big as the other. The people were very still. All at once Herakles jumped and caught Dryas around the waist. He tried to throw him down. He pushed and pushed, but Dryas put his hands on Herakles' shoulders and stood like a rock. They stood locked so for a whole minute. Then Herakles' foot flew out quickly and he tripped Dryas and threw him to the ground. At that the people shouted:

"Herakles!"

But quickly Dryas was on his feet and had caught Herakles. He pushed and pushed, but Herakles stood like a rock. Dryas struck out with his foot, but Herakles was too quick. He caught Dryas by the shoulders and threw him. The people shouted again:

"Herakles! Herakles will win!"

But Dryas pulled Herakles down. The two men rolled on the ground.

Each tried to get up, but the other held him down. At last Herakles jerked himself free and sprang to his feet. The people cheered.

"Stand up, Dryas," Herakles said.

So Dryas stood up, and they wrestled again. They worked hard. The people could hear them breathe and see the sweat roll down their bodies. Soon Herakles threw Dryas again. Then the people said:

"Herakles has won. He has thrown Dryas three times."

Dryas got up slowly. He looked at Herakles from head to foot.

"You are a better man than I am," he said.

"Dryas, your arms are too strong to be wasted in robbing men," Herakles replied. "Do good work with them. There are lions and monsters to be killed. Go kill them."

Dryas thought for a minute. Then he raised his head high.

"I will do it," he said.

And he went away and did it.

Then Herakles looked around.

"Who will run with me?" he cried.

"I will," and out ran a dozen young men.

They threw off their chitons and lined up for the start. The people watched them.

"The young men will win," they said. "They are slender and light. Herakles is heavy and thick. They will run better."

But they did not. Herakles' legs were long, and strong muscles were in them. He knew just how to use his legs, for they had carried him all over the world. They had chased a wild stag for a year. So now he won the race, and the people were glad and shouted.

Then there was a boxing match. Herakles won that easily. Then men threw spears at a mark. Herakles was beaten at that. The people said:

"Herakles is not a soldier. The spear is not his weapon. The club is his weapon, or the bow and arrow, or his good arms. No matter, he does not need a spear."

Then it was time to throw the disk.

"Oh! Herakles will win this," the people said. "Look at his arms!"

And Herakles did win. He threw the disk twice as far as the others.

"Good for Herakles' arms!" the people shouted.

Then there was a jumping match. Slender young men came out. They threw off their chitons and took the jumping weights in their hands and swung them and jumped. The people held their breath. They said:

"It is as though they were flying. It is beautiful."

Herakles' turn came.

"My body is too big to fly," he said, laughing. "But I will try it."

So he jumped. People looked at his mark.

"It is the best yet," they said.

Then a young man took the weights.

"He is a fine-looking lad," Herakles said to himself. "Zeus help him!"

The young man jumped.

"Ah!" the people cried when the boy was in the air.

He came down lightly on his toes.

"He lights like a deer," Herakles said.

He ran to the young man and put his hand on his shoulder.

"You have beaten me, lad," he said. "Ah! it was a beautiful jump."

The young man looked up into Herakles' eyes.

"Ah, Herakles," he said, "I can jump, but I cannot kill lions. I cannot walk all over the world. I cannot help sick men and unhappy men. Only Herakles can do that."

Herakles smiled at him and said:

"I thank you, lad, for your kind word."

Then the people shouted:

"A crown for Herakles! He has won four games out of six. He is best."

A man ran to a bush and picked some leaves and made them into a wreath. He stood on a rock.

"Come, Herakles," he called. "Get your crown."

So Herakles came, and the man put the crown upon his head. Then all the people shouted:

"Herakles, Herakles! Winner of the games! Let us have a feast for Herakles."

They killed sheep and oxen and roasted the meat in a bonfire. They had wine and milk and honey in black

ZEUS AND HIS EAGLE
From an old Greek coin.

and red vases. Before they sat down to eat, Herakles said:

"My father Zeus must have part of our feast. He is sitting in Olympos watching us. I will burn part of an ox for him."

So the people piled up dirt and sod for an altar and made a fire on it. Herakles put meat into the fire and

poured wine upon it. He raised his hands to the sky.

"O, Father Zeus," he said, "we burn meat and wine for you. May the smell be sweet to you and make you happy!"

Then the people sat and feasted and talked as they ate.

"Let us have games like this again," they said. "They have been very pleasant, and Zeus will be glad to watch them, too."

They talked about it for a long time. At last they said:

"Well, then, we will have them again in four years."

CHAPTER VII.

After the games in Olympia Herakles started off again on one of his long journeys. He wandered about for a great while, walking in the far corners of the earth and doing many things. At last one day he said:

"I will go home. I want to see my wife, and my children, and my mother."

So he started. After he had walked

for a long time he saw friends from his home. They had heard that he was coming, and had gone out to meet him.

"Welcome home, Herakles!" they cried. "Your wife has heard of your coming and she sends you this beautiful chlamys."

They spread out a linen chlamys, white and trimmed with gold.

"Ah!" Herakles said. "It is very beautiful. I will put it on."

He threw off his lion's skin. A man picked it up.

"This is that wonderful lion's skin," he said. "Oh, I am proud to hold Herakles' cloak."

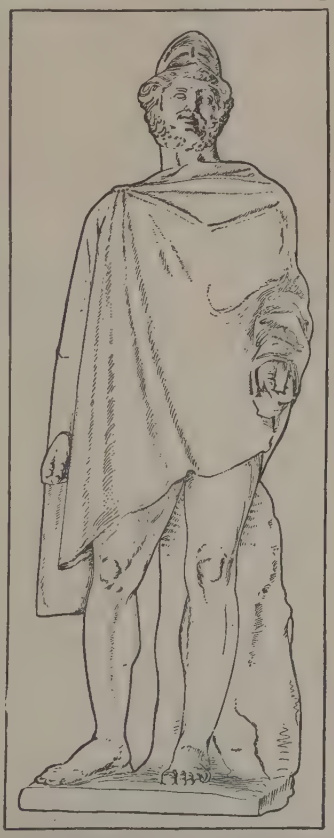
"But first I will bathe," Herakles said, not listening to the compliment.

A little river ran near. There Herakles bathed. He came out clean and shining. He smoothed his hair and beard.

"His hair and beard are like curls of red gold," the people said.

"Now, friends, the chlamys!" Herakles shouted.

They threw it around him. He fastened it on his right shoulder with a great gold pin. The chlamys hung about him in smooth folds. His strong neck showed above it. The gold in the chlamys shone, but his red hair and beard shone more. His strong white legs showed below the cloak. His right arm was bare. He carried his silver bow in that hand.



As Herakles appeared after his bath.

The people looked at him, and their eyes opened wide.

"Oh, he is beautiful!" they said. "Zeus must be proud of him."

And Zeus was proud of him. He was watching from

the sky, and so were all the other people of Olympos.

"He is beautiful," they said.

Herakles was talking to his friends.

"It is good to see you again. I am glad when I think of being at home. But I must thank my father Zeus for my safe journey. Come up the mountain with me. We shall be near him there."

He pointed to the mountain with its top near the clouds. So they climbed it. When they stood on the top, Herakles looked about smiling and said:

"How far we can see! Look, there is my house miles away. Do you see the blue hills far off to the south? That is Olympia. Do you see the forest off yonder? That is where the lion lived. Oh, this is a beautiful country. But come, let us build an altar."

They piled up dirt and sod and then built a little fire on the top. One man carried a skin bottle full of wine.

"Let me take the wine bottle," Herakles said.

He poured wine upon the fire and raised his hands.

"O, Father Zeus!" he called, "hear us. We love you. Do something kind to us."

The people were watching Herakles.

"He is not a common man," they said. "He looks like Zeus himself."

All at once Herakles put his hand to his side. He frowned and cried out.

"What is it?" his friends asked.

"Oh, a terrible pain!" Herakles said.

He sank upon his knees and rested his head on the edge of the altar.

"Oh, oh!" he cried. "Surely I am going to die."

"What can we do?" his friends asked.

Herakles did not hear them. He kept crying out and holding his side. Suddenly he jumped up.

"Oh, the pain, the pain!" he cried. "I cannot endure it. It is worse than fire. What can I do? Ah! I know. I will put fire about me. That will not hurt so much as this. That is a better way to die. And the great fire will say to Zeus: 'Your son is not afraid to die.'"

Then he saw his friends. He had forgotten them.

"Go away! go away!" he said.

So they went away and stood far down on the mountain side and watched.

Herakles broke off a hundred trees and piled them up. Then he went upon the pile and raised his hands to the sky.

"O, Father Zeus!" he cried, "love my children. Take care of my wife."

He looked down the mountain and saw his friends. He put his hands to his mouth and shouted:

"Let one of you come up to me."

A man came running. Herakles said to him:

"Take one of the burning sticks from the altar-fire and light this pile."

"No, no!" the man cried.

"If you love me you will do it," Herakles said. "I beg of you do it. Oh, the pain! If you love me!"

So at last the man did it, saying:

"Ah! Herakles, I do love you."

"Thank you, friend," said Herakles. "Take this silver bow. It used to belong to Apollo. Next it belonged to Herakles. Now it is yours."

The yellow fire began to show. It leaped with the wind. Herakles smiled.

"It is beautiful," he said. "It will cure my pain."

His friends were watching far off and weeping.

"We shall never see him again," they said.

They covered their faces with their hands. All at once they heard a great clap of thunder. They uncovered their faces and looked up the mountain. The yellow fire was blazing high in front of the dark pine trees of the forest. The people looked into the sky. They saw a silver cloud dropping quickly through the air. Lightning shot from it. It dropped upon Herakles. Then it opened for a minute and the people saw Athene in a chariot of gold with four white horses. She held out her hand to Herakles and he stood up and stepped into the chariot. Then Athene turned the horses, and the cloud shut and quickly flew up into the sky again. The people stood still. At first they could not speak for wonder, but then they shouted:

"Herakles! Herakles! He has gone

to live in Olympos. Zeus loves him. He has gone to live with Zeus."

They ran down the mountain and along the roads. They found people standing in the fields and before their house-doors, looking into the sky and at the mountain. They said to Herakles' friends:

"Did you see the great yellow fire and the silver cloud?"

"Yes," Herakles' friends answered. "It was for Herakles. He has gone to Olympos. No more hard work for him! He can rest now."

Then all the people shouted for joy, because that wonderful thing had happened to Herakles.

CHAPTER VIII.

So Herakles rode through the sky with Athene. They came to the wall of Olympos. The golden gates opened and the horses' feet struck the marble floor. Herakles saw many palaces of gold and of silver with green lawns around them and beautiful orchards

near. The horses stopped before a great palace of shining gold. A man was standing in the door. He was tall and strong. His eyes moved slowly. He smiled a slow smile at Herakles.

"It is Zeus, my father!" Herakles cried.

Zeus held out his arms and Herakles ran into them.

"My son!" Zeus said.

His voice sounded like the wind among the trees and it made Herakles very happy.

"Come into our palace," said Zeus. "The others wish to see you."

They walked into the great room. There sat a long table with shining gold and silver dishes on it, and piles of fruit. Great carved chairs were by the table. Beautiful people stood by them. They were the wonderful people of Olympos. They were very tall. Their robes were soft and long. Their skin was white. Their hair was like gold.

Herakles and Zeus stopped at the door. The people called:

"Hail, Herakles! Welcome to Olympos!"

Their voices were music. The people all crowded around Herakles and said kind things to him. Apollo put his hand upon the hero's shoulder.

"I am glad to see you in Olympos," he said. "You will not shoot at me here, will you?"

Then he laughed.

At last Zeus said:

"Now let us sit and feast. Herakles will sit by me."

So they feasted and laughed and sang and talked. Zeus said to Herakles:

"We have been watching you all your life. We saw you kill the lion and the hydra and we said, 'He is strong and brave.' We saw you chase the deer and we said, 'He is patient.' We saw how you loved men and we told one another, 'We must have him in Olympos.' I am proud of you, my son."

And all the other Happy People said:

"We are all proud of Herakles."

CHAPTER IX.

So Herakles lived in Olympos. He could look all over the world and see men. He loved them now as much as he used to, and he still wished to help them. He saw many people sick.

"What can I do for them?" he thought.

Then he made springs of warm water flow from the ground. Sick people came to these springs and bathed in them and were well. Then they said:

HERAKLES IN OLYMPOS
From a Greek coin.

"Herakles has done this because he loves us. Let us thank him."

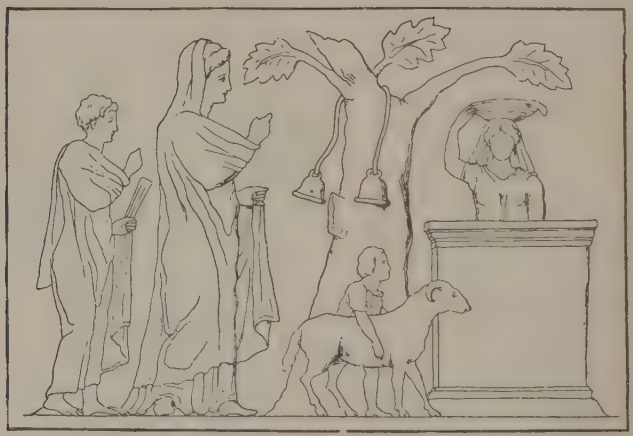
So they built a marble altar there. They poured wine upon it and raised their hands to the sky, saying:

"O, Herakles, we thank you."

Up in Olympos Herakles saw them

and heard their prayer and smelled the wine, and was glad because he had made these men happy.

The people left the altar and a man to take care of it. They called him the priest of Herakles. When they went away they told others who were sick



PEOPLE GOING TO AN ALTAR

about this wonderful spring. So every year many people came there and bathed in the water and prayed at the altar and were made well.

In Olympia men still kept up the games. People came from all over Greece to see and to play. An altar

to Herakles had been built there. Athletes, before they began the games, went to this altar and poured wine and prayed:

A CHARIOT RACE AT OLYMPIA
From an old Greek coin.
Victory is giving a crown to the driver.

"You played here first and won. You are up in Olympos now, watching. Make me strong and help me to win."

The men who did win were given crowns from a certain wild olive tree. It was little and old and crooked, but people were very careful of it as though it was precious. A boy used a sickle of gold to cut the leaves for the crowns.

"That is the very tree that Herakles planted hundreds of years ago," people said. "He brought it from the far north. He had a long, hard way to bring it. He climbed great mountains and waded cold rivers. He had only his lion-skin to sleep on at night. Yet

he walked all that distance and carried this tree."

At one time people were building a house for Zeus in Olympia.

"Let us put the story of Herakles upon it," they said. "Zeus loves him as much as we do. He would be proud to see his son's story here. And visitors who come would be glad to see it."

So they took blocks of marble and cut figures in them, in bas-relief as we call it. Then they painted the figures so that they looked like raised pictures. On one slab of marble Herakles was killing the lion. On another he was killing the hydra. On another he was chasing the deer. There were many more slabs that showed him doing other things. Men fastened these pieces of marble high on the outside wall of the house. People liked to come and look at them and talk of Herakles.

"Those were brave things that he did," they said. "And he still loves us and helps us from Olympos."

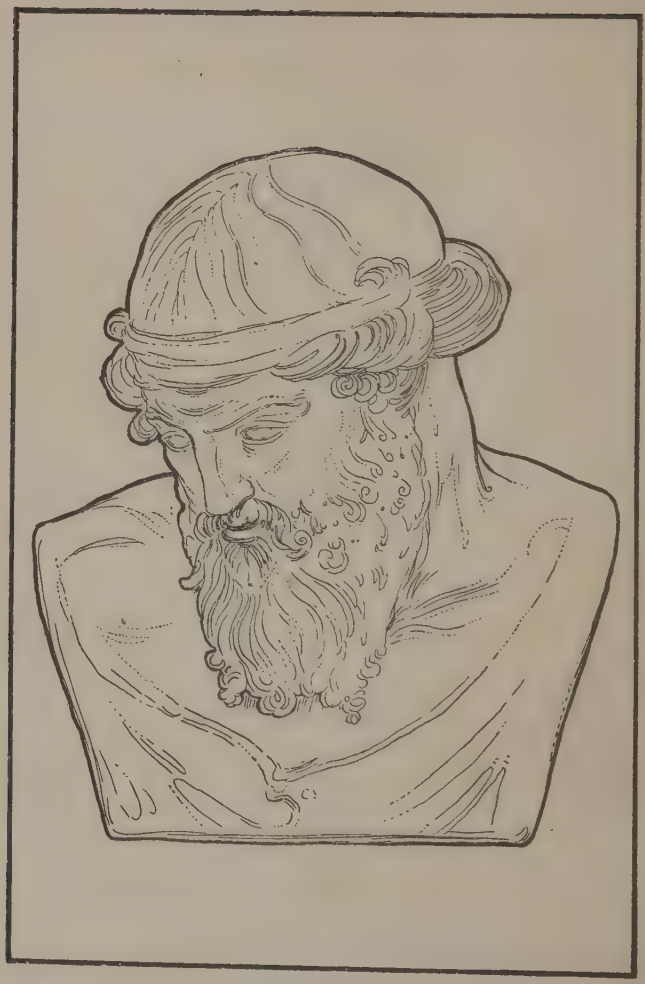
All over Greece men made statues of Herakles, in bronze or in marble, and

put them into their gymnasia, where the young men went to practice.

"There," they said. "Look at Herakles and be like him."

So Herakles sat in Olympos and looked all over the world. He saw his statues. He saw the painted bas-reliefs in Olympia. Everywhere he saw his altars, with fires burning on them. The smoke curled up, and sweet odors came to him. He saw the raised hands and upturned faces of men and heard their prayers of thanksgiving. And at all this he smiled happily, saying to himself:

"They love me, and I love them."



DIONYSOS

After he has worked much and grown older.

THE MERRY DIONYSOS

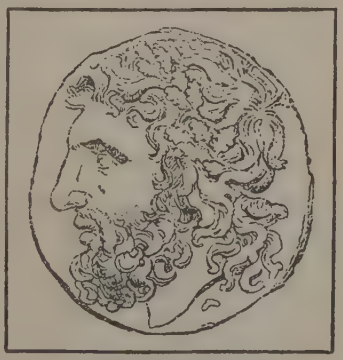
CHAPTER I.

A LONG time ago, among the woods of Greece, a little boy was born. The mother died before she saw her baby. The little fellow lay there alone. Zeus was sitting in Olympos and looking all over the world with his great slow eyes. He saw the boy.

"My dear little son!" he said. "No mother, and I, his father, so far away!"

He strode down the sky and took the wee baby in his great strong arms.

"He is very little," Zeus said, and smiled. "I will wrap him in a corner of the sky until he grows a bit."



HEAD OF ZEUS
From a Greek coin.

So there the

baby lay sleeping for many days. The corner of the sky swung gently in the warm breeze. The clean air up there and the sun and the stillness were the very best things for babies. So when Zeus went, after a while, and unwrapped the boy and looked at him, the child laughed and clutched at the beard of Zeus, and Zeus smiled his slow smile and said:

"He is a happy little fellow."

He called Hermes and said to him:

"Take this baby to the nymphs yonder on Mount Nysa. Tell them to care well for him. We will call him Dionysos, 'The one from Nysa.'"

So Hermes took the baby and tossed him in his arms as he flew to Mount Nysa. Oh! it was a pretty place to live in. The great hill was covered with trees. Little brooks tumbled down the sides. There were caves with moss on the floor and vines hanging at the doors. As Hermes walked up the hillside among the trees he called:

"O nymphs of Nysa, come and see what I have brought you."

"What is it? What is it?" and from all the wood women came running.

They dropped their flowers as they ran. Some came from the river, and their bare bodies were dripping and shining with the water. Some came from their trees and they were waving branches over their heads. When they saw the baby, they all cried "Oh!" a thousand times and in a thousand ways.

"A baby!" "The big blue eyes!" "Is he for us?" "To keep?"

"Give him to me," said one, and she held out her arms to him.

He laughed and jumped into them.

"Bless the baby!" and off she ran to the cave.

All the others followed her to see the baby.

Hermes went back to the sky chuckling to himself:

"He will be happy there."

And happy he was—rolling on the grass, snuggling up under flowers to sleep, swinging with a nymph in the very top of a tree. Pan and the satyrs used to come and play with him. They

PAN
From the cover of a Greek drinking cup.

ran with him up the rough mountains. They took him to the darkest place of the woods and played on their pipes for him. Old Silenos taught him the names of trees and flowers, showed him where the wild strawberries grew, told him how the earth was made, and showed him what the fruits need to make them ripen.

Indeed, Dionysos could talk to trees and flowers as we people do to one another. He was the friend of all the things in the wood. When he saw a tree dying, he knew just what to do to make it well again.

CHAPTER II.

One day, after Dionysos had grown to be quite a boy, he was wandering alone through the woods. He saw a

great vine running to the top of an elm tree. He had never before seen a vine like it. There were clusters of purple berries on it. They were grapes, but he did not know what they were. He tasted them; they were sweet and juicy. He studied the vine carefully to find what kind of soil it liked, how it held to the tree, and whether it needed shade.

"Good vine, I will come to see you again," he said. "But give me some berries to take to the nymphs."

He picked his hands full and started for the cave.

"Here are the sweetest berries you ever tasted!" he shouted when he saw the nymphs.

"Give us some!" they cried and snatched for them and laughed.

"Not until you say 'please,'" and he held them high over his head, laughing.

But he held them so tightly that the juice squeezed out and dropped from his hands. The nymphs caught it in their mouths. They opened their eyes wide when they tasted it.

"That is the best thing I ever tasted," cried one. "Give us more."

"They are all spoiled," Dionysos said, opening his hands and showing them. "Come, let us get some," and they all ran through the wood to the vine.

That was a merry feast they had. Dionysos looked around on the nymphs as they were eating.

"Oh, ho!" he laughed and pointed his finger at them. "See the purple on your lips and hands!"

They looked at one another and laughed. But they said:

"We don't care, the berries are good."

"I will go back and get a basket," said Dionysos. "We can take some home for supper."

How Silenos and the jolly satyrs smacked their lips over the purple grapes that night!

CHAPTER III.

After that, Dionysos studied the vine more and more. He learned how to start new plants, how to make the grapes

grow larger. He found that if he picked them and put them in the sun, they would become very sweet and would keep all through the winter. These raisins and the grapes he and his friends ate at their feasts. He remembered the sweet juice that he squeezed from the grapes on that first day.

"That would make a good drink," he thought.

He built a sort of press and squeezed the grapes in it. He caught the juice in a skin bottle. When he tasted it he smiled to himself and went to find the nymphs, carrying the full bottle.

"Come taste my wine," he called.

So the nymphs ran up to him and tasted the wine and clapped their hands and tasted again.

"Surely Zeus in Olympos never drank so sweet a drink," they said. "Dionysos, you shall be our wine-maker and always have wine ready for our feasts."

At one of these banquets Dionysos said:

"The raisins would be cleaner if they did not lie on the floor."

"Oh, it's all right," said the lazy satyrs.

But the next night, when all the people came to supper, there was a low table. The fruits were heaped on this. Beside it were couches of leaves. The nymphs and satyrs opened their mouths in wonder.

"This is a new way to eat," said Dionysos, as he lay down on the leaves.

He did another thing to make their banquets pleasanter. At one of their feasts he said:

"This goat-skin that we have our wine in is a great nuisance. See how Cora must always tie the mouth together. If she forgets to do that, the wine spills out. A wine skin ought to stand up."

The next day he came to the cave all covered with dirt. In his hands he was holding very carefully a big lump of clay. But when the nymphs looked at it closely they saw that it was thin, and that there was a great empty place inside.

"What are you going to do with

that dirty thing?" they asked and held their robes away.

He laughed and told them to wait. He walked to the fire at the mouth of the cave. He set the clay down in the hottest place. Then he sat by it and watched it and turned it.

"It is growing red," the nymphs cried.

Dionysos only smiled and turned the clay again. The nymphs were soon tired of watching him.

"Oh, come and play!" they said.

"No," answered Dionysos, "I am busy; you run on."

And so they did. Late in the afternoon they came back. Dionysos walked toward them carrying the red clay thing.

"Drink from my jar," he said.

And sure enough, it was full of water.

"But the water will be muddy," they cried.

"Try it and see," he laughed.

"No, it is good and clean," they said in surprise. "Why, the clay is hard!"

"Yes, indeed," said Dionysos. "And see, it will stand alone and not spill," and he set it on the ground.

Then he and the nymphs and the satyrs joined hands and danced around it. And they made up a song somewhat like this:

"Dionysos is wiser than old Silenos. He found for us a new kind of berry. Wine and raisins he made for us. But this is the best thing of all—a wine skin out of clay that will not roll over and spill. Dionysos! Evoe, evoe! Dionysos!"

CHAPTER IV.

At supper that night Dionysos was very sober.

"What is the matter?" asked his friends.

But he only shook his head. At last he said:

"Dear friends, I think I must leave you."

"Leave us? Where are you going?"

"You know how much happier and

more comfortable we are since I found these grapes," and he took up a bunch of them.

"Oh, yes, Dionysos, have we not thanked you a thousand times?"

"Yes, you have indeed. I think, too, that this jar will be a pleasant thing to use. Well, if these things make us happy, I think they will make other people happy, too. So I am going to take a jar of wine and a basket of grapes and slips of the vine all over the world with me. I will plant the vine and teach people to make jars and to make wine."

"But think how we shall miss you, Dionysos," pleaded the nymphs.

"It will be very lonely without you," said old Silenos.

"Yes, I know. And I am sad, too, when I think of leaving you. But I must go and help others."

He would not listen to their pleadings.

"No, I must go," he said.

"Then we will go with you," they all cried. "We will all go together."

"Will you? Oh, then I am happy. All over the world, together!" and he laughed with joy and clapped his hands.

They all jumped up and danced around the cave, singing:

"All over the world together! We will teach men how to raise the grape. We will show them how to make jars out of clay. We will help them to make sweet wine. All over the world together! Oh, we are merry people!"

So they went. Every one took a jar of wine and a basket of grapes or raisins and slips of the vine. They were such gay, kind people that the animals of the forest loved them. That morning when they started, leopards and panthers and fawns and wild asses followed them from the wood.

As they were shouting and running along not far from their forest they saw a little mud-plastered house on a hillside. A young man was spading the ground.

"Hello!" shouted Dionysos, "what are you going to plant?"

"Wheat."

"And what are you going to plant on the hill farther up there?"

"Nothing. Grain will not grow there. It is pasture for my sheep."

"Come with me, my friend," said Dionysos. "I will show you something."

"Yes, come with us." shouted all the nymphs and satyrs. "We will show you the finest thing you ever saw," and they laughed, thinking of the surprise they would give him.

As they walked up the hill, Dionysos handed the farmer a bunch of grapes.

"See how you like these," he said.

The young fellow took them wonderingly. He tasted one — he stared; he tasted another.

"Why, this is food for the gods!" he cried.

That is what he called the people who lived in high Olympos — Zeus and Apollo and the others.

"Indeed it is," said all the merry folk. "Oh, this is a pleasant thing, to give these fine grapes to people," and they laughed at the joy of it.

When they came to a young elm

tree on the hillside, Dionysos stopped. He took the farmer's spade and dug a little hole.

"Do you see this little green twig? I will plant it in this hole. During all this summer I will send the dews and the heat to make it grow. If you take good care of it, you will be picking all the grapes you want from it in a few years. Stick a crooked branch into the ground by it. Teach it to cling to that. But when it grows taller, let it climb this elm tree. Sometime the elm will be heavy with purple grapes."

And he told him how to put a fence around the vine to keep the sheep and goats away. And he taught him how to make raisins. He built a wine press for him and showed him how to make wine. And he gave him a jar and told him how to make others.

Before the merry people left, they and the farmer and his wife joined hands and danced around the little vine. They sang:

"Thank Dionysos for the grapevine. Thank Dionysos for the dew and the

heat that make the apples and oranges ripe. Thank Dionysos when you gather the fruit. Dionysos loves you. Dionysos! Dionysos! Evoe!"

And off they danced down the hill and through the valley, and the leopards and fawns and panthers followed.

Wherever these merry folk found a good man working on his farm they planted a vine and left a jar. Sometimes they came to a country where the men were wild hunters and did not live in houses. Then they built a little village for them and planted vines outside the walls. In one of the houses of the village they spread a fine feast. There were grapes and raisins and fruits and beautiful jars on the tables. Then they called the people together in that house and Dionysos said:

"My friends, we have made a feast for you. Let us sit and eat."

As they ate, Dionysos talked to them about farms and vineyards. He told them how pleasant it is to see the fields yellow with grain, and how beautiful an apple tree looks with red apples on it.

"But a vine loaded with purple grapes is the most beautiful of all," he said. "And isn't it pleasant to eat at neat tables, with clean dishes, and to have couches to lie on? Don't you like it better than standing around a bonfire and eating meat out of your hands?"

"Yes, this is a good way to live, but we do not know how," they answered.

So Dionysos stayed with them for a year and taught them how to live in villages and how to care for the orchards and vineyards outside and how to eat at tables and how to use dishes.

When he went away he promised to send dew and heat every year to ripen the fruits. The people followed him far out of the city, singing and shouting:

"Dionysos! Dionysos! Evoe, evoe!"

CHAPTER V.

One time Dionysos and his people came to the ocean.

"How shall we cross?" the nymphs cried.

Immediately all the great fish of the

sea swam to the shore. The merry people jumped upon their backs and went singing through the water until they came to an island.

"Farewell, good fishes!" they cried. "Perhaps we shall need you again."

Through this island they went dancing and singing for many days. When the nymphs grew tired they lay on the backs of panthers, and the panthers were pleased to carry them.

One day Dionysos said:

"We must stay here no longer. We have other work to do."

He led the way toward the shore, but on the edge of the sand he stopped. There on a rock in the shade of a little tree lay a woman sleeping. She was the most beautiful woman Dionysos had ever seen. Her robe was blue. Her yellow hair fell over the brown rock. Dionysos held up his hand, and all the nymphs and satyrs were still. They held their breath, seeing how beautiful she was. Dionysos stood looking at her a long time. Then he went to her and kissed her and said:

"Awake, dear lady."

She started up, greatly frightened.

"Who are you?" she cried.

"Do not be afraid. We are your friends," answered Dionysos.

"Oh!" she cried, "my friends have left me. They have gone away," and she began to weep.

"Do not weep. We will take care of you. Let us be your friends," said Dionysos.

He motioned to the nymphs to come. They came and bathed her hands and feet. Then they gave her fruits and sang to her while she ate. She soon began to smile at their songs.

"Tell us your name, dear lady," they said.

"My name is Ariadne. I was sailing in a ship, but my friends have gone," and she began to look sad again.

"But you shall not be left alone. You shall go dancing all over the world with us. We are Dionysos' merry people. Come with us," said the nymphs and satyrs.

She did go and was very happy, and everybody loved her. The nymphs used

to make garlands of flowers and put them on her head. Then they sat on the ground around her and listened while she told them stories. When the noisy satyrs came near her they were still and smiled at her and whispered:

"Is she not beautiful!"

When she slept, the panthers came and lay by her and watched her all night. Whenever Dionysos awoke in the morning, the first thing was:

"Where is Ariadne?" and he went and sat by her and talked.

When they started on a new day's journey he would say:

"Come, walk beside me, Ariadne."

He was never happy except when she was with him.

But one morning when they awoke, Ariadne was dead. The poor sad nymphs and satyrs! Poor sad Dionysos! He looked at her a long time. Then he took the golden crown from her head. He turned it over and over in his hands and kissed it and said:

"This shall shine in the sky to tell how much we loved Ariadne."

He threw it high into the air. It changed into stars and hung there in the sky forever after.

CHAPTER VI.

One day Dionysos wandered away from his people and came to the shore of the sea. He was tired, for he had walked far. So he lay down under a tree and fell asleep.

After awhile a ship full of pirates came to that shore. The men got out and walked along the land. At last they came to Dionysos.

"What is this?" they cried.

"See the golden clasps on his sandals!" said one.

"There are a dozen rubies in his cloak-pin," said another.

"He must be a king's son," they all agreed. "Let us take him on board; we shall get a great ransom for him."

So they lifted him and carried him to the ship. It was strange, but he did not waken. They laid him on the deck. When the pilot saw him he said:

"He is handsomer than a king's son, even. See how tall he is! A king's hair was never so golden. I tell you he must have come from Olympos."

The men laughed and sat down to their oars.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked the pilot.

"Take him far away from his home. Then we will send a man back to tell his father. He will surely give us a shipful of gold for his son," answered one of the men.

"You shall not do it," said the pilot.

Just then Dionysos opened his eyes, but he was still half asleep.

"Where are we going?" he said, drowsily.

One of the men asked him in a smooth voice:

"Where is your home, my lord?"

"In Naxos. Take me to Naxos."

"Very well, you shall go to Naxos," said the man.

He went to the rudder where the pilot was.

"Steer north!" he commanded.

"But he told us to go to Naxos," said the pilot.

"Do as I tell you!"

"I will not!" cried the pilot.

"Then I will!" and the man pushed the pilot aside and took the rudder himself.

Some of the men were trying to put chains on Dionysos, but they could not do it. The chains would not fasten. The men looked at one another in wonder.

"What does this mean?" they were thinking.

After a while Dionysos opened his eyes and sat up.

"We are not going to Naxos," he said, and he was almost weeping.

The pirates all laughed. Then Dionysos stood up. He looked very tall and strong. A strange smile was on his face. The men looked at him and they were amazed. They saw a grapevine start from under his foot. It grew like a flash. It ran up the mast.

"It is twining around my oar!" cried one man.

"It has hold of the rudder. I cannot turn it!" shouted the man who was steering.

"It is pulling in the sail," said the one who held the ropes.

Indeed, the whole ship was turned into a little floating vineyard. Purple grapes hung everywhere; vines trailed through the water. The sailors heard the music of flutes among the vines, and all at once the ship was full of Dionysos' friends — fawns and tigers and panthers and leopards. The men crawled under the seats from fear.

Dionysos smiled and stroked a panther's head while he said:

"Sailors, I am Dionysos."

No one dared answer. The men were more frightened than ever. They were thinking:

"What will he do to us?"

Dionysos spoke to the pilot:

"Take the rudder and steer for Naxos."

The pilot hurried to do it. There were no sails and no oars, but the ship went faster than any ship ever went

before. Dionysos walked about the deck and sang gay songs, but spoke to none of the sailors. He stroked the grape leaves and whispered to them and laughed. The tigers and panthers leaped and played around him, and he said to them:

"We will show these sailors something, my friends."

When the sailors heard that, their teeth chattered.

At last the ship ran upon a sandy shore and stopped. Dionysos jumped out and called:

"Come on, my sailors."

The men all tumbled out in a hurry. They were white with fear. They dared not look at Dionysos. He took hold of the end of the ship with his hand. He gave a pull, and the ship came out of the sand and up on the green shore. There the vine rooted in the ground. It grew in a second all over a hundred trees.

Dionysos pointed to it and said to the men:

"Here is a vineyard for you, and here are some jars."

And, surely, there were dozens of red jars lying on the grass.

"This is in return for your kindness to me."

He laughed and ran into the woods, waving his hand to them. The panthers and tigers and fawns and leopards ran with him. The pirates all stood with open mouths, looking after him. They could hardly believe their eyes and ears. At last they turned to one another and said in whispers:

"He has forgiven us; he loves us."

Then they laughed and wept with joy and they danced and sang:

"Dionysos the mighty! Dionysos the loving! Dionysos the merry! Dionysos who gave us the vine! Dionysos who saved us! We will love him always. We will tell his goodness to men. We will teach all people to love him. Dionysos, our friend! Evoe, evoe!"

And so they did. And their neighbors said of them:

"They are good men, they have given us great blessings. They are holy men, the friends of Dionysos."

CHAPTER VII.

So Dionysos had traveled all over the world. He had taught all men how to take care of the grapevine. He had built many cities. He had taught many people to make jars of clay and to eat at tables and to dance and to sing joyful songs. People were sad before he came, but after his coming they were glad. And Dionysos danced and sang with the gay nymphs and satyrs. But sometimes he was sad, thinking of Ariadne.

HEAD OF DIONYSOS
From a Greek coin.

One day he called all the nymphs and satyrs together.

"We have given the sweet grape to everybody. All men are glad now. My father Zeus came to me in a dream last night. He said: 'Your work is done, come now to Olympos. You are

to live forever with the Mighty Ones in heaven.' So I go now. I will always watch you from Olympos; I will send dew and heat to ripen our fruits. Now a dance before I go."

They all joined hands and danced and sang. At the end they cried:

"Dionysos! Evoe, evoe! Dionysos!"

As they shouted that, Dionysos went away and up to Olympos. He could hear them shouting all the distance.

After that he took care of all the grapes and fruits in the world, and people loved him for it. The grapes were ripe in December. The rows of elm trees were full of them. False faces hung among the vines, to scare away

DIONYSOS IN OLYMPOS

He is riding behind his leopards. He carries the pine-cone staff. The woman nearest him carries a tambourine and a torch.

the birds. Early in the morning the farmer and his wife and children went to the vineyard. They put wreaths of ivy on their heads, to make them cool. Everybody brought two or three baskets. All day long they worked and sang there, picking the grapes. The boys climbed the trees for the high bunches.

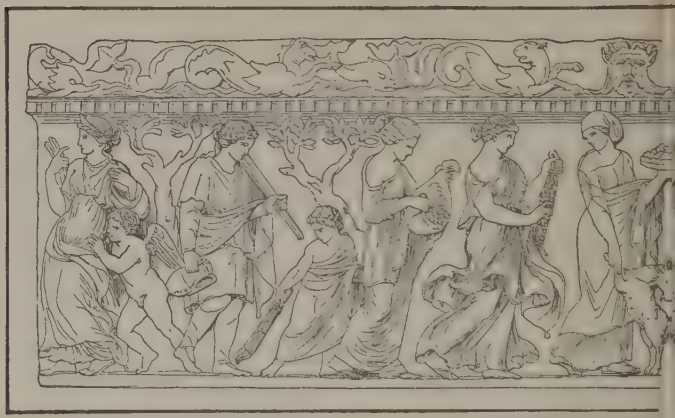
The sun was setting when all the grapes were gathered. The pickers carried the full baskets to the house. Some of the grapes were pulled off the stems; they were laid on clean boards and put where the sun would shine on them. These were for raisins. Some were cooked for the winter and put into the store-room. Wine was made from some and poured into skin bottles or into red jars. And for a long time the tables were heaped with fresh grapes.

On the day after the picking, the neighbors from the many little white-plastered houses on the hillsides came together for a holiday. The men went into the woods and heaped up a little mound of earth and covered it with sod.

This was the altar. The work was hardly finished when they began to hear singing and laughing from all parts of the woods. Soon women and girls and old men and boys came running to the altar. They all wore their prettiest clothes. Everyone carried a basket heaped with the finest oranges and grapes and melons and figs. Every head was crowned with ivy or with grapevine. Some of the boys were wearing the false faces that had hung in the vineyard. Some of the girls and young men had brought their flutes. Women carried tambourines. Many people had long sticks with pine cones at the end. Everybody was laughing and talking of the good harvest.

After a while a priest in long purple and gold robes came slowly from the woods. The people were quiet. They fell in behind him and all marched around the altar many times. Those with flutes walked nearest the priest and played gay music. The people sang to Dionysos:

"The grapes are gathered in. The

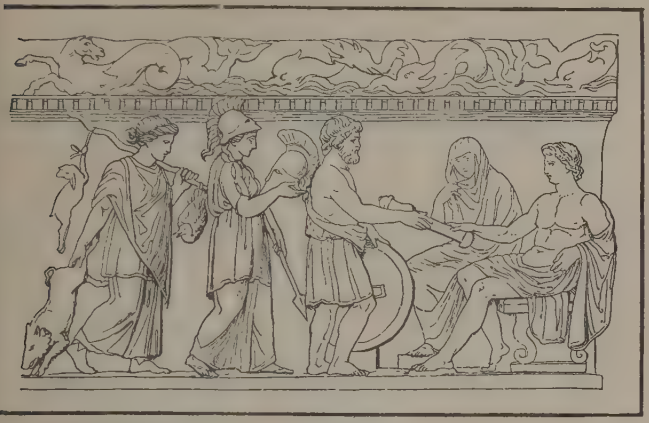


PROCESSION OF
Peleus and Thetis, father and mother of Achilles, are receiving the gifts.

store-room is full of fruit. We are ready for winter. Our hard work is over. Thanks to Dionysos. Dionysos! Thanks to Dionysos."

At last the procession stopped. The people poured all the fruit from their baskets upon the altar. They killed a goat and put it there, too, because it had nibbled their vines and had tried to kill them. Then they set fire to all the pile. The priest stood before it and raised his hands in prayer to Dionysos:

"O, Dionysos, thou loving one, giver



GIFT-BEARERS
Just such processions went to the altars of Dionysos and of Herakles.

of the vine, bringer of joy, ripener of all mellow fruits, hear us! We thank thee for the dew and the fruits. We thank thee for gladness. We dance and sing for thee. We burn for thee this goat and these fruits that thou hast given us. I pour out thy wine. May the smell be sweet to thy nostrils and our prayers to thy ears!"

Then all the people sang again of the goodness of Dionysos. They told stories about Dionysos. The boys in false faces played that they were satyrs.

A FLUTE PLAYER IN THE PROCESSION
The Greek name of this flute was tibia.

"We are the jolly friends of Dionysos. We followed him through the whole world. We were there when he found Ariadne, beautiful Ariadne."

So they sang as they danced. Sometimes a young man would play that he was Dionysos. Other people would be the pirates. They would sing:

"This is some king's son. We shall get a great ransom for him."

Then they would carry him to the ship. The women would sing:

"Oh, what will happen to Dionysos? The pirates have taken him away."

The pirates would try to put chains on this play-Dionysos.

"We cannot do it," they would sing, "the chains will not fasten."

Then Dionysos would stand up and sing loudly:

"No, for I am Dionysos."

Then all the people shouted:

"Dionysos! It is Dionysos! Evoe, evoe! Dionysos!"

They ran into the woods and waved branches or torches or the pine-cone staves over their heads. The women

beat upon their tambourines. They kept shouting:

"Dionysos! Bringer of joy! Evoe, evoe!"

A poet who had seen this festival many times, said to himself:

"The people like to hear these stories. I will try to sing them."

So next year at the festival there was somebody that looked like Dionysos. He wore rich robes like Dionysos and carried a staff like Dionysos. He wore a mask, so that his face looked like Dionysos' face. He had blocks under his feet, so that he was tall like Dionysos. He stood on a little mound of earth, so that all the people could see him. He said something like this:

"My cradle was a corner of the sky. Zeus is my father. Mount Nysa was my home."

Then the satyrs danced around the mound and sang:

"We played with him on old Mount Nysa. We ran through the woods with him and climbed the hills and hid in the caves."

Dionysos: The nymphs were my nurses. The satyrs were my playfellows.

Satyrs: Old Silenos taught him his secrets. The trees talked with him.

Dionysos: One day I found the grapevine.

SILENOS

And so they went on and told the whole story. The people were delighted.

"It is the best thing we ever heard," they said; "tell us the story again next year."

So he told it next year and the next year. People came from far and near to see and hear it. One year the people from the city said to the poet:

"Bring your satyrs and come and tell us the story."'

He promised to do so.

"I must have something fine to show the city people," he thought.

He spent a long while thinking what to do and what to say. Then he and some young men practiced many times. In the city the people built a place for the play. They made seats in the shape of a half-circle. The lines of seats rose one above another. The people sat here with the stage in front of them. Everybody could see well.

At the time of the festival the poet and his men came. The poet himself played Dionysos. Another man was dressed like a woman. He was Ariadne. There were twelve young men dressed like satyrs. So they acted the story. The people were pleased with the play.

"Come again next year," they said.

After that some players came every year to the city. At first they told only the stories of Dionysos. Then the people said:

"Tell us some other stories, too."

So the players told stories of Athene and Herakles and Achilles and other great people. Besides these plays in the

theater there were dances and songs and processions out of doors.

This festival of Dionysos was the merriest time of all the year. Indeed, it was almost the only time when the women went out of the house.

The next story tells about a certain festival that people had in the city of Athens a long time after Dionysos had gone to Olympos.

THE MUSE OF TRAGEDY

HOW ALKESTIS WAS SAVED

A Greek Play.

IT was a dark March night in Athens. The streets were filled with people. Every housetop was covered with men and women and children. They were all laughing and talking. Many of them carried torches. The light shone on fauns and satyrs and men's bodies with the heads of lions or of donkeys. All these wild creatures were dancing and shouting.

Somebody called from a housetop:

"Ho, ho! There is Silenos!"

The man threw a bunch of grapes at the old satyr. Then everybody in the street turned and laughed and threw fruit and flowers at Silenos. He ran away and hid in the dark.

"Make way! Here we come!" and two young satyrs came jumping among the crowd.

"And here you stay!" laughed some

fauns, as they bound the satyrs with grapevines.

"Hello, friend Cleon!" somebody on a housetop called down to a satyr in the street.

But everybody was too busy making a noise to hear anything. The man laughed to himself. He dropped a string over the edge of the roof. There was a hook at the end of it. He caught the hook in the frowsy hair of the satyr. Then he pulled. Up came the ugly mask. There was a handsome young man under it. He cried:

"Oh, help! I am losing my head."

He jumped for the mask and shook his fist at his friend and laughed.

"Come down and have some fun," he said.

Then somebody came running down the street, calling:

"Here they come! Stand back!"

But instead of standing back the people crowded into the middle of the street to see. They raised their torches high above their heads and peered into the dark. In a minute a procession

came around a turn in the crooked street. Young men were dancing along, waving their torches and singing. There were a hundred or more of them. In the middle of the procession a wooden statue stood high. It was made from the trunk of a grapevine. The light of the torches flashed on it. Four young men were carrying it. Its head was crowned with ivy. As it came on, the people shouted:

"Dionysos! Dionysos! Evoe, evoe!"

A little boy on a housetop jumped up and down and cried:

"Dionysos! Oh, I love you, Dionysos! Here, Dionysos, here!", and he threw kisses at the statue.

As the procession passed on, all the people fell in behind. They marched through the dark streets and up to the great theater on the side of the Akropolis. The doors were opened and the procession danced in. The people could see only a little way about them, because it was dark. But they could see the sky above with only a few stars in it. The torches flared on the empty

stone seats. They were in a half-circle, going back and up. In front was a high wall with a narrow stage. Before the stage was an empty circle on the floor. There the young men set the statue of Dionysos. Then they danced around it and sang:

"Dionysos has come to see the play. All honor to Dionysos! There shall be

THE THEATER AS IT IS NOW

It is in ruins. The wall is gone from the front and from the sides where the gates were. The seats are broken and some have been hauled away to build houses. But look carefully and you will see the great half-circle where the chorus were and where the statue was set. You will see, also, the rows of seats and the aisles. You can see how the theater is built on the hillside. The little shed was not there long ago.

songs for Dionysos, and dances for Dionysos, and plays for Dionysos. All the people shall have a holiday. We will all be gay because Dionysos gives us grapes, because Dionysos loves us."

Then they danced out into the streets and the fun went on.

Early the next morning great crowds were standing at the doors of the theater. The sun was not yet up. It was a noisy crowd. Men and women and boys and girls were in their gayest clothes. Rich men brought their servants to carry wine-skins and soft cushions. Men from the country had come with big baskets of fruit and were selling to people.

"We shall see something fine to-day," said one man.

"Yes," answered another. "They say that Cleomenes has spent much money on the actors' robes."

"They are opening the doors! They are opening the doors!" cried the crowd. "Here we go!"

There were four great doors to the theater. At all four of these places the people were packed together. Now, just

as the sun was coming up, the great doors opened, and the people poured in, pushing and laughing.

There was no roof to the theater. The seats were stone benches, close together. They were like steps leading up, and the rows were half-circles. The aisles were so narrow that only one man could go up at a time, but people ran helter-skelter over the seats. They did not wait to walk in the aisles. They sat wherever they pleased, except where some seats had a rope stretched around them. A guard stood here.

CHAIR OF THE PRIEST OF DIONYSOS
The name of the priest of Dionysos is carved on it in Greek letters.

"Keep off!" he shouted. "These seats are for the officers of the city."

At another place were more seats

with ropes stretched around them. The guard there kept shouting:

"These seats are for the judges!

All the front row was for the priests.

The seats here were marble chairs, beautifully carved.

At another place the guard was shouting:

"The orphans sit here!"

Because if a man died in battle fighting for Athens, Athens said:

"We will take care of his little son. We will buy his clothes and we will send him to school. We will give him a seat at the theater."

The women did not sit with the men. They went away up in the back of the theater. Many people had come from other cities to see the plays. They, too, went to the back seats.

It must have been fine to be down in front. You could see and hear well. But it was fine to be in the back seats, too. If you looked ahead you saw over the front wall and far away. There were rocks and trees and country roads and farm carts. And there sparkled the

blue ocean. If you looked down into the theater, it was more wonderful yet. Thousands and thousands of people — thirty thousand! There were circling rows and rows and rows of them. Yellow hair; ivy crowns on everybody's head; floating robes of purple, white, red; waving arms. It was like a big, dancing rainbow. And the noise! — laughs, songs, shouts. For a Greek was always talking and he could not sit still long at a time.

In the midst of all the noise music sounded. The noise stopped. Everybody looked toward the door. In came the procession of the great men of the city. They were walking two by two. There were priests, officers of Athens, messengers from other cities, and the orphans. The guards took them to the seats that had been saved for them.

The priest of Dionysos walked into the center of the circle. An altar was there. The statue of Dionysos stood by it. The priest put fruit upon the altar. He poured wine upon it and he set fire to it all. He raised his hands and said:

"O, Dionysos! we thank thee for grapes. We thank thee for dew. We thank thee because the grapevines are beginning to grow again. We thank thee for song and dance. We are glad to-day."

Then all that great audience sang to Dionysos

When the song was over, men came carrying heavy loads of gold. They put the gold down in the circle. The people cheered when they saw it. Other cities had sent it, saying:

"O, Athens! you are greatest, you are strongest. Be our friend; protect us."

And the Athenians were proud. Men turned to people next them to talk of it.

"Ah! we are the greatest city in the world," they were saying. "Our army! Our ships!"

Many things kept happening. Soldiers were given crowns because they had been brave. The judges were chosen. They took their seats down near the front. Some orphans came upon the stage. They were the ones who were old enough to be soldiers.

They were in full armor. The chief of the city said:

"You are no longer boys. You are citizens of Athens — men. You may speak in the public assembly. You may vote. You may fight for Athens as your fathers did."

But all this time people did not listen. They made a great deal of noise.

"This is not what we came for," they said.

Besides, the people in the back seats could not see or hear well, for they were almost a block away.

But at last the herald walked up the steps of the stage. All the noise ceased. The herald shouted his loudest:

"Euripides, lead on your chorus!"

Euripides was the poet who wrote the plays for that day.

When the herald said that, the people cheered and jumped to their feet to see.

"The chorus is coming!" they cried.

So they all sat down and the play began. There were three long plays. Sometimes the people cheered, some-

times they wept, sometimes they shouted to the actors. There was no time to wait and rest. But, of course, the people could not sit still all that time. They would take their luncheons out and eat. Every little while a wine-cup would flash in the sun. People would get up and walk about to rest themselves.

Three long plays had been acted. The curtain at the back of the stage rolled down. Another curtain rolled up in its place. On it was the picture of the front of a great palace. There were high double doors in the middle. There was a small door at each side. When the curtain went up all the people stopped their talking. They settled down in their seats to listen.

Out of one of the side doors walked an actor.

"Apollo!" the people whispered.

They knew him by the bow at his back and by his long golden hair. He was bigger than a man. He wore shoes with wooden soles a foot thick. He wore a great mask, twice as long as his

A GREEK ACTOR

head. His body was padded. All this was to help the people at the back to see. And there was a trumpet inside the mask. That was to help the people to hear, for the theater was very large.

Apollo walked slowly. He spoke very slowly and very loud, so that everybody could hear. He looked at the palace and chanted:

"House of Admetos, happy days have I spent here. Much I love your lord Admetos. I leave you in sorrow, for Alkestis must die to-day. Long ago I heard Death, who lives under the earth, say, 'It is time for Admetos to die.' But I begged him to wait, because I loved Admetos. 'If some one will die instead of him, will you let Admetos live?' I asked. At last he said, 'Yes.' I told Admetos what Death had promised, and he told all his friends. He went to his servants and said, 'Have I ever done any good thing for you?' They answered, 'Indeed, Admetos, you have given us life, for where else could we get food or home but from you?' Then he asked, 'Will you do me a

kindness in return?' 'Most gladly,' they cried; 'what can we do, our lord Admetos?' 'Die for me, that I may live,' he answered. 'Ah, no — not that; we cannot do that. No, no!' Then he asked his father and his mother and all his friends. They would not do it. None of those who ought to love him really loved him well enough to die for him. None except his young wife, beautiful Alkestis. He would not ask her, but she came to me and said. 'Apollo, tell Death to take me. I am of little account; my lord is a great man and a king. And I would rather die than stay in this great house alone without my dear lord.' I told Death, and he accepted her. Now is the day when she must die. I cannot stay to see it. It is too sad a thing."

Then he turned and walked slowly along the stage toward the left side. A great painting of trees stood there at the edge of the stage. He walked away behind it.

When he was gone the people said to one another:

"Now for the chorus!"

They looked at the big circle in front where the altar and statue of Dionysos were. They looked at the great doors on each side of it.

"Here they come!" shouted the people.

The chorus was walking in at the western side. First came a flute player. Old men were marching behind him to his slow music. They were in a solid line of threes. There were fifteen of them. They wore long gray robes, and carried long staffs. They walked very slowly into the circle and stood in front of the stage. It was high above their heads. Part of them turned to the other part and spoke.

First Semi-chorus: What is happening in Admetos' house?

Second Semi-chorus: Do you hear weeping?

First Semi-chorus: O, unhappy day!

They leaned on their staffs. They swayed their bodies to and fro. Their talking was like a very slow song, a chant. Thus they talked back and forth.

Second Semi-chorus: If some one could only save her!

A FLUTE PLAYER

The straps are to hold his lips steady so that he can play well.

First Semi-chorus: Our beautiful mistress!

Second Semi-chorus: Our good Alkestis!

They all walked back and forth in front of the stage. They kept half turning in a sad dance.

Chorus:

> We have no priest, no altar more,
> Whose aid we may implore.
> To every god at every shrine
> The king hath paid the rites divine.
> But vain his vows, his loving care,
> And ours is dark despair.

A door opened on the stage, and the chorus looked up.

Leader [pointing]: See, here comes a servant out of the door.

Out came a woman. It was really a man dressed like a woman. He, too, was made to look larger than life; for he wore thick soles and a mask, as all actors did. And all actors spoke very loud and slowly, to make themselves understood. Everything was slow —the walking, the talking, and the gestures.

Leader [to woman]: Tell us, is Alkestis yet alive?

The woman waved her arms and shook her head sadly.

Servant: Only half alive.

Leader: How does she bear it?

Servant: To-day she went about the house and looked at all the things she loved. She said some kind word to all of us servants, even the poorest one. She took her children in her arms and kissed them.

Leader: But, now, what is she doing?

Servant: Now she is very weak.

Leader: How does Admetos feel?

Servant: He sits by Alkestis and weeps. He can do nothing, he is so unhappy.

Leader: Unhappy, indeed, to lose so good a friend as Alkestis!

Servant: She wishes to come out of doors to see the sun for the last time.

The servant turned and walked very slowly through the door. The chorus broke out into a sad chant. They swayed their bodies and waved their arms as they sang.

Chorus: Alas, alas! Unhappy Admetos! Unhappy country! If some one could only save this dear woman!

Apollo and the servant had come through the small side door. Now the great double doors in the middle of the palace moved. The leader of the chorus pointed.

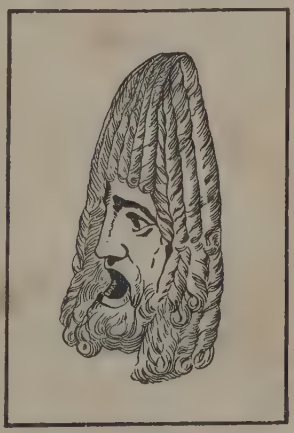
Leader: Look, she comes!

The great doors swung wide open. Out came a sad procession. A hum arose from the people in the seats. They were turning to say to one another:

"Alkestis!"

And there she was, leaning on Admetos, for she was very sick. She was tall like a woman from Olympos, and Admetos was tall, too, for they, also, wore thick soles and masks.

Alkestis' robe was purple; her himation was white and gold.



A MASK

The mouth of every mask must be open so that the sound may come out.

She had a crown on her head because she was a queen. All the other people on the stage wore black or gray or brown for mourning.

The little son Eumelos and his sister were with them. The little girl had her hand on her mother's robe. Servants followed them, carrying a couch. All were walking very slowly. Of course they could not weep, because they had masks on, but it seemed as though they were all weeping, because they moved so sadly.

Inside the doors of the palace it was dark; outside it was bright. The warm sun was on Alkestis' face. The breeze stirred her long hair. She looked up at the sky.

Alkestis: O sun, and breeze, and flying cloud!

Admetos: Stay with me, Alkestis!

Alkestis did not hear. She looked around; she saw the rough side of the Akropolis. But you would have thought that she saw the country in front of her palace — the woods, the roads, and the houses.

Alkestis: O earth, where I have been so happy!

Admetos: We never can be happy without you, Alkestis.

Slowly Alkestis turned her face from looking at the country and the sky. She looked at Admetos.

Alkestis: I must go, Admetos; I have promised. I could not live and let you die. I could not stay without you. I could not let you leave my children without a father. The people need you. It is better for me to go.

She did not say it sadly. A woman on one of the back seats said to her friend:

"She is not afraid to die."

Then Alkestis saw her children. She put her hand on the little girl's head.

Alkestis: But my children! You must love them well, Admetos.

Admetos: I cannot be their mother, but I will be kind to them, Alkestis.

She turned the little girl's face up to look at it.

Alkestis: I hope that you will be happy, my little daughter.

Admetos: Stay and make us happy, Alkestis.

She did not hear. She was still looking at her children.

Alkestis: Good-by, my children!

Admetos: Alkestis! Do not leave us!

Alkestis [turning to Admetos]: Good-by, Admetos!

She sank upon the couch. The chorus waved their arms.

Leader: She is gone.

Little Eumelos put his hand on her shoulder. He looked into her face.

"Mother!" he called.

Then he looked up at his father and said:

"She is dead!"

"Sister," he said, very sadly, turning to his little sister, "we have no mother any more."

Admetos [holding out his hands to chorus]: She is gone.

He threw his hands over his head.

Admetos: O, let my country mourn! There never was another woman half so good as my Alkestis. Let my people dress in black and cut their hair in

sign of sorrow. Let the manes of the horses be sheared. Let no joyful music be heard. We never can be happy again without this dear woman.

Then he turned to the servants.

Admetos: Let us take her into the house.

The servants lifted the couch and carried Alkestis into the house. Admetos and his children followed slowly, with bowed heads. The great doors closed behind them. The people in the seats heaved a great sigh. Many were weeping.

Then the chorus lifted their heads and sang to the playing of the flute as they walked back and forth before the stage.

Chorus [singing]:

Our lady, Alkestis, good and brave,
Men will pray for wives like you;
Bards will strike their lyres and sing,
"Alkestis, queen of women!"

They stood still with bowed heads. The people in the seats were perfectly quiet. Then they heard a loud voice singing:

"Ho, ho-ho, ho!"

The sounds came from behind the trees at the east end of the stage. In a minute a great man walked on from behind them. He wore a lion's skin and carried a club.

"Herakles!" the people shouted.

They jumped to their feet. Women snatched off their himations and waved them. Boys waved their cloaks. Men clattered their wooden sandal-heels against the stone seats. They threw flowers.

"Herakles! Herakles!" they shouted.

They would not be quiet. One man said to another:

"Now we are all right. Herakles is here. Oh, how big he is!"

When at last the place was quiet, Herakles called to the chorus.

Herakles: Hello! Who is here? Tell me, my friends, is Admetos in his house?

Chorus [to one another]: It is Herakles!

Then the leader answered him.

Leader: Admetos is in his house. But why are you here, Herakles? What is the brave thing you are going to do?

Herakles: Oh, it's nothing very great. I am on my way to get some wild horses for Eurystheus.

He tossed his club from one hand to the other.

The chorus turned to one another. They threw up their hands in wonder and fear.

Leader [to Herakles]: The horses of Diomedes in Thrace?

Herakles: Yes.

The chorus stepped back and dropped their hands.

Leader: But they eat men as lions do.

Herakles struck his hands on the lion's paws under his chin.

Herakles: I have fought with lions and am yet alive.

Leader: They breathe out fire from their nostrils.

Herakles: I will get them for all that.

He swung his club gayly. He turned toward the palace.

Herakles: But where is Admetos?

The leader pointed to the great doors They were opening.

Leader: Look! he comes out of his house.

Admetos came slowly; a servant followed him. Admetos' head was bowed. He wore a long black robe. He stopped and sadly lifted his head and saw Herakles. Then he stepped forward and raised his hand.

Admetos: Welcome to my house, Herakles.

Herakles: Hail! friend Admetos.

It was a big, brave, gay voice.

Herakles: But you are dressed in mourning.

Admetos: Some one lies dead in the house.

Herakles: I hope it is none of your children.

Admetos: No, they are well; it is a woman.

Herakles: Some near relative?

Admetos: She came from another house.

Herakles: It is not your wife, then, the beautiful Alkestis.

His voice told how glad he was.

Herakles: But, my friend, I am sorry

to find you sad. I had hoped to stay with you.

Admetos: And so you shall.

Herakles: Not when you have this sorrow.

Admetos: We will forget our sorrow. Never will I turn a guest away from my house.

Herakles: I will come sometime when you are not so unhappy.

Admetos: You must stay now, Herakles. We have a room away from the rest of the house. The mourning will not disturb you there. I cannot let you go.

Herakles: Well, since you wish it, I will stay.

Admetos turned to the servant.

Admetos: Take Herakles to the guest-chamber. Tell the servants to spread a banquet for him. Stay and wait upon him and make him comfortable.

Herakles: I thank you for your kindness, Admetos.

He clapped his great hand lovingly on Admetos' shoulder.

Admetos: I will come to see you soon.

Then Herakles walked in through the side door. Admetos turned and watched him. People in the seats were saying to themselves:

"Stay, Herakles! You are so good to look at!"

When Herakles was gone, the leader of the chorus spoke to Admetos.

Leader: How could you be thoughtful for a guest, when you are so unhappy, Admetos?

Admetos turned slowly around to answer.

Admetos: Could I send him away to find rest and banquet in some stranger's house? A guest is always welcome here.

Leader: Why did you not tell him that it is Alkestis who is dead?

Admetos: If he had known that my sorrow is so great he would not have come in. Now I will go back to Alkestis. We will take her to the grave soon.

He turned and walked through the great doors. It was a brave thing to keep back his tears and welcome a visitor. Thus the chorus thought and sang.

Chorus:

Oh, generous house! Oh, generous king!
To many a stranger, many a guest
The gate has opened, the feast been spread.
Travelers and beggars have eaten and slept.
And now Admetos is weary and sad,
Yet he spreads the feast and welcomes the guest.

The flute played. The music was not so sad as it had been before. The chorus moved their staffs in time with it. They danced about the altar of Dionysos. At the end of the song the great doors opened again. The leader of the chorus pointed.

Leader: But look! Here comes the funeral train. They are taking Alkestis to the grave.

Out came the procession. All the people wore long robes of black or gray. First came four servants carrying a litter with Alkestis lying on it. Admetos and his children and his servants followed. They walked along the stage and off past the trees at the west. As they passed, the chorus sang again, stretching their hands toward Alkestis.

Chorus:

Dear lady, farewell! Alkestis, farewell!
Your kindness, your courage, your wonderful love
For the king, for us, we shall never forget.
We shall miss you, Alkestis; shall miss you, Alkestis.

There were steps leading from the circle to the stage. The chorus walked up these steps and followed the procession slowly. At last the stage was empty. The people in the seats were still and sad, waiting for what should happen.

All at once a servant came out of the side door of the palace. He was old and cross. He swung his hand back toward the doors.

Servant: Who can this boisterous fellow be? It makes no difference to him that we are all unhappy. He eats enough for ten men; he pounds the table with his fists and shouts, "Ho, ho! but this meat tastes good to a hungry man. Why, this is the first meal I've had today." Then he drinks down a cup of wine at one swallow. He tells the maid-servant, "Make me a garland for my

head." She makes one, and he sets it crooked on his head and sings a merry song. And all the while our hearts are breaking because Alkestis is dead.

The servant looked off down the road where they had taken Alkestis.

Servant: She was a mother to us all. When we were sick she nursed us; when we were unhappy she cheered us. She was always gentle with us. Oh, my dear mistress!

He stretched his hands after her.

The side door of the palace opened again. Out walked Herakles. Again the people shouted:

"Herakles! Herakles! Oh, you are back! Good, good!"

There was a garland of flowers on his head. It sat crooked and looked as though he had been having a romp. He carried a wine-cup in his hand. He shouted loudly at the servant and rolled his jolly head.

Herakles: Hello, fellow! what makes you look so gloomy? Ho, ho! This is not the way to treat a guest. I am a friend of your lord; he wants you to

make me happy. Are you gloomy because somebody is dead?

He beckoned to the servant.

Herakles: Come here and let me tell you something

The servant came. Herakles dropped his big hand on the man's shoulder.

Herakles: It does no good to be sad. Cheer up!

He shook him by the shoulder and laughed.

Herakles: Put a garland on your head; take a drink of wine and you will feel better, I am sure. Be happy, my friend; it does no good to mourn, I tell you.

But the old servant did not like it. He stepped back and turned away.

Servant: Perhaps that is true, but I cannot help being sad when so great a sorrow comes.

Herakles: So great a sorrow? It was only some stranger. It might have been worse. You ought to be thankful that your master and mistress are still alive.

The servant turned and looked at Herakles for a minute.

Servant: My mistress? What do you mean?

Herakles: Did Admetos deceive me? Is not Alkestis well?

Servant: It is Alkestis that is dead.

The cup that Herakles was holding fell from his hand with a crash.

Herakles: What do you say? Alkestis is dead? And could he be thoughtful and kind to me when he was so unhappy? I ought to have known it. His eyes were red with tears.

Herakles stamped his foot. He struck his fist on his breast.

Herakles: And I have been shouting and singing and feasting in the house, and he has been weeping all this time.

When Herakles said that he tore the garland from his head and threw it to the floor. He trampled on it with his foot. Then he turned to the servant and held out his hand.

Herakles: Forgive me, my friend! I do not wonder that you were unhappy. It was a shame for me to be laughing in this sad house. But tell me where she is.

Servant: They have taken her to the grave. It is down that road.

Then the servant walked sadly into the house.

Herakles looked off down the road. He tightened the lion's legs around his neck. He stretched his great arms and rubbed his muscles. He threw the club over his shoulder.

Herakles [talking to himself]: Now, Herakles, do something worthy of yourself. You find your friend in sorrow; can you not do something for him? You have strangled lions. Why not catch Death and wrestle with him?

He walked about and thought.

Herakles: I will stand by the grave and wait for him. When he comes I will rush upon him; I will seize him around his waist and throw him to the ground. I will hold him there until he promises to give Alkestis to me. Then I will bring her back and give her to my dear friend, Admetos.

He went off down the road. The old servant looked after him for a minute, and then went back into the palace.

The stage was empty. The people in the seats were waiting. It was very quiet. Then the children and the servants who had taken away Alkestis came back and went into the palace through the side doors. The chorus came walking sadly on with their himations over their heads. The long line went down the steps into the circle. Again the stage was empty. Again the people sat still and waited. At last Admetos came. He walked very slowly. His chin was on his breast. He stopped in front of the doors. He threw his hands over his head and let them drop again. He sang a high, shrill chant.

Admetos: Oh, how I hate this house! There is no one here now that I love. No one meets me at the door. I shall see her chair empty.

He put his hands over his face.

Leader: Go in, Admetos, and rest.

He answered without uncovering his face.

Admetos: I cannot go in.

Leader: Other people have been unhappy, Admetos.

Admetos: Alkestis!

He reached out his arms. It was as though he thought that Alkestis was standing in the door.

Leader: Go in and see your children.

Admetos: They will clasp my hands and cry for their mother.

Admetos stood silent for a long time. Then he turned and looked down the road.

Admetos: I remember when I walked with her along this road for the first time. I was bringing her from her father's house to our own new home. She wore a purple robe trimmed in silver. My robe was white and gold. The people were singing joyful songs and scattering flowers in our path. Now I am dressed in black, and I enter the house alone. Oh, Alkestis!

Leader: This is not an unexpected sorrow; you have known for a long time that it was to happen. Be thankful that you are still alive.

Admetos turned quickly and spoke to the leader. His voice was like thunder.

Admetos: What do you say? I hate

myself; I was a coward! I let her die for me; I was afraid to die. I did not dare to say, "Apollo, Death shall take me; I cannot let Alkestis do it." I was not brave enough to say that. Oh, it is better to die than to be without Alkestis. But I did not know this before. Now it is too late.

When he said that he covered his face with his hands.

Then Herakles came from behind the trees.

"He has got her!" the people in the seats shouted. "Bravo, Herakles!"

And surely, he led a woman by the hand. Her himation was thrown over her head and face, but the people knew her by her robe of purple and her himation of white and gold.

Admetos still stood with his hands over his face. Herakles looked at him for a minute. Then he spoke. His voice was very kind.

Herakles: Admetos, I am sorry that you did not tell me that it was Alkestis who was dead. I was eating and singing and laughing in your house. I

did not know that you had so great a sorrow. But I must tell you why I have come back. As I walked along the road I met a certain person and had a wrestling match with him. I won and got this woman for a prize. Keep her for me. When I come back from Thrace I will stop and take her again.

Admetos uncovered his face to look. He did not know Alkestis. He was too sad to notice well.

Admetos: Do not ask me to do that. I will do anything else for you, Herakles. Ask some other friend to keep her. I should be weeping always if I saw her about the house where Alkestis used to be.

Then quickly he flung out his hands toward Herakles. When he spoke his voice was shrill.

Admetos: What if she should sit in Alkestis' chair! I could not bear to see her.

Then he looked at the woman. The people in the seats caught their breath.

"Now he will know her," they thought.

But he did not.

Admetos: Indeed, she looks like my Alkestis. She is just as tall, and she walks like her. Think, Herakles, how unhappy it would make me to have her always reminding me that I shall never see Alkestis again.

Herakles: It will spoil your life if you always mourn for Alkestis.

Admetos: My life is already spoiled, because she is dead.

Herakles: After a while you will be happier.

Admetos: I never can be happy without Alkestis.

Herakles: You will find new friends and forget her.

Admetos: I never can forget her; I shall love her always.

Herakles: Keep this woman for me, Admetos.

Admetos: I cannot.

Herakles: You will be doing me an unkindness if you refuse.

Admetos: I wish you never had received the prize!

All this time Admetos stood turned

away from Herakles. His head was bowed. Herakles still held the woman's hand. He watched Admetos. It seemed almost as though he were smiling.

Herakles: If you love me, Admetos, take her. You will not be sorry. It is a little thing to do; come!

He held out his hand to Admetos. Admetos turned slowly and stepped away from the door.

Admetos: Well, then, lead her in. It breaks my heart to see her, but I cannot refuse to do you a kindness.

Herakles: No, you yourself must lead her in.

Herakles stepped toward the king. The woman followed. Herakles held out his hand again. Admetos stepped back quickly and put his hands behind him.

Admetos: I would not touch her. Let my servants take her.

Herakles: Let servants take care of her? She is too precious for that. I will trust her to nobody but you, my friend.

Admetos: Herakles, I once led my

Alkestis into this house. I will never lead any other woman in.

Herakles: Come, put out your hand. I ask it as a kindness. Give me your hand.

Herakles was close to Admetos now. He was looking down on the king and still holding out his great hand. There was a little laugh in his voice.

Admetos stood looking up into Herakles' kind face. Then he heaved a sigh and put out his hand.

Admetos: For your sake, then, I will do it, Herakles, though it breaks my heart. Here is my hand.

"Ah!" said the people in the seats.

"Who could refuse Herakles?" men whispered.

Herakles: And here I put this woman's hand in yours. Have you hold of her?

Admetos: Yes.

Herakles: Then hold her fast, Admetos, and never let her go. Look at her and see whether you will thank Herakles for bringing her?

He lifted the veil from the woman's

face. There, beautiful and still, was Alkestis.

The people in the seats almost shouted, but they waited to see what Admetos would say.

He looked at her long. He still held her hand.

Admetos: Alkestis!

It was almost a whisper.

Admetos: It cannot be so; it is a ghost.

Then Herakles laughed his loud laugh.

Herakles: I have brought you no ghost, my friend. Put your hand on her face. Is she not real flesh and blood?

Admetos did put his hand on her face.

Admetos [crying out]: Alkestis, I have you again! I will never let you go.

He held both her hands tightly in his. He looked and looked at her.

Herakles: Guard her well, Admetos.

Admetos: Oh, Alkestis! I am cured of being a coward. I will never lose you again.

But she only stood still and looked at him.

"Why doesn't she speak?" said a woman on one of the back seats.

"She is too tired and too happy," replied another.

"She is just come back from the grave," said another.

"What must she be thinking?" one whispered.

Then Admetos turned to Herakles.

Admetos: But how did you do this wonderful thing, Herakles?

Herakles: Oh, I waited at the grave. When Death came, I rushed at him. I seized him around the waist and threw him to the ground. I held him until he cried, "Mercy! Take Alkestis and let me go." So I took her and brought her to you. Now I'm off to Thrace.

He swung his club and laughed.

Admetos: Stay with us for a while, Herakles. Feast and rest in our house. Let us try to thank you.

Herakles: Some other time. Now there is no rest for me. I have a work to do.

Admetos: Some other time, then. But come to us soon, Herakles.

Herakles: Good-by, friends! When shall I come and take back my prize, Admetos? Oh, ho! that was a jolly wrestling match. Oh, ho! That's the kind of thing I like to do.

Off he went behind the trees to the east, singing. Everybody looked after him. The people in the seats shouted his name and waved their garlands.

At last Admetos turned to the chorus.

Admetos: And now let all my country rejoice. Let all the people come to my palace and feast and dance. Let the poets sing how Herakles fought for us and gave us back our Alkestis. Come, my dear wife; let me lead you into the house. I will seat you in your chair; I will bring our children to you. We shall be happier than we ever were before.

Then he led Alkestis through the great doors. The stage was empty.

The chorus danced about the altar and waved their arms and sang a song of joy.

Chorus:

Herakles! Herakles!
Glory to him, the mighty, the worker!
Herakles! Herakles!
Lover of men, friend of Admetos!
Herakles! Herakles!

Whenever they said "Herakles," they waved their arms high and turned in the dance. At the end they formed in lines of threes and marched off out of the circle.

The leader stayed. As the others went away, he turned to the people in the seats and spoke to them. There was laughter in his voice.

Leader: It is always like this. What we think will happen does not happen. What we dare not hope for comes true. So has it been on this happy day.

Thus the play ended.

The people went wild with joy. They talked about the play. They talked about the poet. They shouted:

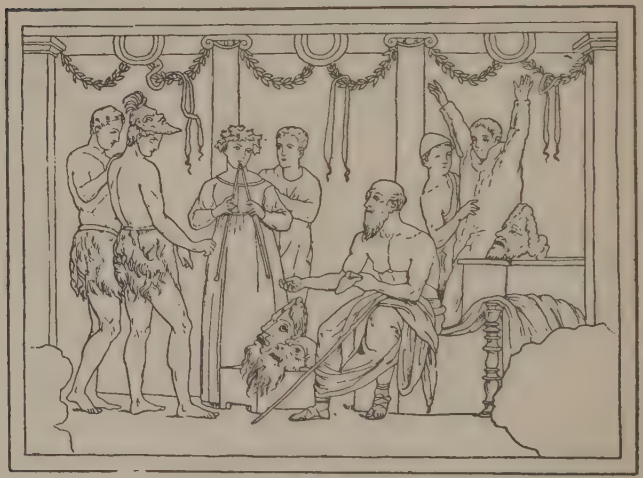
"Euripides! Alkestis!"

They sang songs about Herakles. They looked at the judges sitting down in front.

"Remember, you judges," some people cried, "Euripides is to have the prize."

Then they went home, shouting and singing all the way.

On other days there were plays of



A POET TRAINING A CHORUS

Some of these young men are playing satyrs. You can see that the dress of the theater had sleeves. The every day Greek dress had none.

other poets. At the end of it all the judges decided who was the best poet. Then that poet went upon the stage, and the chief of the city put an ivy crown upon his head. How the people shouted!

One day there was another great procession. Everybody wore a mask and played that he was Dionysos or a faun or a satyr. There were flute-players, and women clashing cymbals, and men waving pine-cone staffs, and girls throwing flowers. Everybody in Athens walked in the procession and danced and sang and wore his finest clothes.

Then on another day there was a great dance in the market-place. Fifty handsome young men danced and sang a hymn of thanksgiving to Dionysos.

So for five days Athens was gay—songs, dances, plays, processions, laughing crowds, beautiful clothes all the time. And all this happened because long, long ago Dionysos had taught people how to grow grapes, how to make raisins and wine and to have banquets.

Achilles (ȧ kĭl′ lēz)
Admetos (ăd mē′ tŏs)
Agamemnon (ăg ȧ mĕm′ nŏn)
Ajax (ā′ jăks)
Akropolis (ȧ krŏp′ ŏ lĭs)
Alkestis (ăl kĕs′ tĭs)
Andromache (ăn drŏm′ ȧ kē)
Apollo (ă pŏl′ lō)
Ariadne (ăr ĭ ăd′ nē)
Athene (ȧ thē′ nē)
bas-relief (bä′ rē lēf′)
Briseis (brī sē′ ĭs)
Centaur (sĕn′ tạr)
Cheiron (kī′ rŏn)
chiton (kī′ tŏn)
chlamys (klā′ mĭs)
Chryseis (krī sē′ ĭs)
Chryses (krī′ sēz)
Cleomenes (klē ŏm′ ē nēz)
Cleon (klē′ ŏn)
Delphi (dĕl′ fī)
Diomedes (dī′ ō mē′ dēz)
Dionysos (dī′ ō nī′ sŏs)
Dryas (drī′ ăs)
Eumelos (ū mē′ lŏs)
Euripides (ū rĭp′ ĭ dēz)
Eurystheus (ū rĭs′ thūs)
evoe (ē vō′ ē)
greaves (grēvz)
Hector (hĕk′ tŏr)
Hephæstos (hē fĕs′ tŏs)
Herakles (hĕr′ ȧ klēz)
Hermes (hĕr′ mēz)
himation (hĭ măt′ ĭ ŏn)
hydra (hī′ drȧ)
Naxos (năx′ ŏs)
nymph (nĭmf)
Nysa (nĭ′ sȧ)
Odysseus (ō dĭs′ sūs)
Olympia (ŏ lĭm′ pĭ ȧ)
Patroklos (pă trō′ klŏs)
Peleus (pē′ lūs)
Phœnix (fē′ nĭks)
Priam (prī′ ăm)
Satyr (sā′ tẽr)
Silenos (sĭ lē′ nŏs)
Thespios (thĕs′ pĭ ŏs)
Thessaly (thĕs′ ȧ lĭ)
Thetis (thē′ tĭs)
Ulysses (ū lĭs′ sēz)
Zeus (zūs)

A PRONOUNCING GUIDE

ā *as in* āle
ă *as in* ălm
ȧ *as in* ȧsk
ä *as in* ärm
ạ *as in* ạll
ē *as in* ēve
ĕ *as in* ĕvent
ĕ *as in* ĕnd
ẽ *as in* hẽr
ī *as in* īce
ĭ *as in* ĭdea
ĭ *as in* ĭll
ō *as in* ōld
ŏ *as in* ŏbey
ŏ *as in* ŏdd
ū *as in* ūse
ŭ *as in* ŭp
ŭ *as in* ŭnite

I WISH to speak first of these stories as stories only. I hope that for children who read them they will set up ideals of action, that they will help to begin an analysis of character, that they will furnish a happy time, and images pleasant to recall. In order that these things may be accomplished, the characters must be vivid. Frequent, free discussion, wherein the children make and express their own judgments without much interference from grown people, will help toward this, and will, besides, begin the habit of character analysis. Better even than this discussion for bringing about a clear knowledge of people is dramatization. If a boy has once played that he is Herakles he has established a secret understanding and sympathy with Herakles that only a close personal acquaintanceship could create.

Let me say a word in favor of giving the correct setting to these stories. It is quite possible to read and to understand them while putting the people into modern surroundings. But it seems to me that we shall gain something by the other course. We are, children and grown people, liable to the fault of thinking that our way of doing a thing is the only way. A knowledge that there is another way is the first step toward generosity and toleration. Besides, power to understand situations not present to the senses and to construct mental material into new pictures is a valuable acquisition. It requires much labor to build up the correct images, but the children's delight in the novelty of seeing these new things, and the teacher's own pleasure in the beauty of Greeks moving in their proper environment will richly repay all effort. Pictures and models will be needed constantly. Pictures are the more beautiful and the more easy to get and to use, but they

are often inadequate. For instance, they cannot tell about a house. Only a model can do that properly. It can be made with a movable roof, so that all the rooms and courts can be seen at once. Again, if a boy be dressed in cardboard armor covered with silver paper, with a spear in his hand and a shield on his arm and a sword at his side, he will know more about armor and warriors than a whole art gallery could tell him. For the understanding of dress, pretty, inexpensive, and fairly truthful costumes can be made of cotton crepe or of cotton cashmere. They give the feeling, the folds, and the color better than pictures can do. But there are dangers in using models. They are imperfect. The size is wrong, or the material is wrong, or the color is wrong. The children need constantly to be reminded of this until a perfect image has been firmly established by the combined aid of models and description.

For temples and statues, pictures and casts are the only things. Let the schoolroom be rich with them. Where it is possible, use art galleries frequently. I have seen artistic taste grow in children during the year's living with these objects of art. If, too, the pupils themselves produce, under the inspiration of these fine things, they will gain an artistic skill. Paint, chalk, clay, and plaster seem to me the only materials that are sufficiently flexible for the children to construct with profitably in this connection.

Many other stories quite as well as the Greek will serve as character studies and will furnish novel setting. But surely no other people with stories sufficiently simple had at the same time such a wealth of beauty to illuminate them. It is this richness of artistic connection that makes Greek stories especially valuable for little children. Why should we wait until we are nearly grown before we know Greek art? It is long acquaintance and constant

companionship that breed in us love of beautiful things. So let the men of these stories introduce readers to the beauties of Greek art.

I hope, then, that children may see the characters of the people of these stories; may see the people themselves living in Greek houses, using Greek tools, wearing Greek clothes, walking Greek streets, playing Greek games, sailing in Greek ships, praying in Greek temples, moving among Greek statues; and may so grow richer in knowledge of people and in beautiful images.

JENNIE HALL.

HOMERIC TIMES.

"Tiryns," Schliemann. *Charles Scribner's Sons, New York* $10 00

"Mycenæ," Schliemann. *Charles Scribner's Sons, New York* 7 50

"Troy and Its Remains," Schliemann. *John Murray, London* . . . . . ——

"Ilios," Schliemann. *Harper & Brothers, New York* 7 50

"Troja," Schliemann. *Harper & Brothers, New York* 5 00

"Schliemann's Excavations," Schuchhardt. *The Macmillan Co., New York* 4 00

"Homer, An Introduction to the Iliad and the Odyssey," Jebb. *Ginn & Co., Boston* . . 1 12

"Greeks in the Time of Homer," Timayenis. *D. Appleton & Co., New York* 1 50

"The Iliad," in English Prose, Lang, Leaf & Myers. *The Macmillan Co., New York* . 80

"The Odyssey," in English Prose, Butcher & Lang. *The Macmillan Co., New York* . . 80

LATER CUSTOMS.

"Life of the Greeks and Romans," Guhl & Koner. *D. Appleton, New York* 3 00

"Manual of Grecian Antiquities," Gardner & Jevons. *Charles Scribner's Sons, New York* 4 00

"Aspasia," Hamerling. *Geo. G. Peck, New York* 1 25

"Greek Education," Mahaffy. *Harper & Brothers, New York* 75

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